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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

VOL. XXXII SEPTEMBER, 1910 No. 1

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

When Dickens Came

In last month's Chronicle we suggested, *à propos* of some anecdotes in the Motley letters, that perhaps the account of our country in *Martin Chuzzlewit* was rather moderate. In the beginning of George Cary Eggleston's *Recollections of a Varied Life,* to which we have alluded before, the author undertakes to tell, quite simply, of the manner of land this was in the eighteen forties, the decade in which Dickens first visited us. To a younger generation it is graphic and very astonishing. It is like reading of the England of Chaucer, or the France of Francis the First. The absence of bridges, the badness of roads, the primitive character of vehicular devices greatly emphasised overland distances. To the author's native town of Vevay, Indiana, New Orleans was the great outlet and inlet of travel. The East, beyond the mountain barrier, seemed as remote as Cathay. It was to New Orleans that the people of the West sent the produce of their orchards and fields; thence came the goods sold in the shops, and the very money—French and Spanish silver coins—that served as a circulating medium. Across the Appalachians there were no railroads and no wagon roads that were better than tracks over ungraded hills and quagmire trails through swamps and morasses. Measured by ease of access, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore were at a greater distance from the dwellers in the West than Hong Kong or Singapore is now, while Boston was more remote than the mountains in the moon. There were no telegraphs, the mails were irregular and unsafe. The wagons that carried them were subject to capture by robber bands who infested many parts of the country, having their headquarters usually at some town where roads converged and lawlessness reigned supreme. Such a town was Napoleon, Indiana. Mr. Eggleston relates an anecdote illustrating its character:

A man from the East made inquiry in Cincinnati concerning routes to various points in the Hoosier State, and beyond.

"If I want to go to Indianapolis, what road do I take?" he asked.

"Why, you go to Napoleon, and take the road northwest."

"If I want to go to Madison?"

"Go to Napoleon, and take the road southwest."

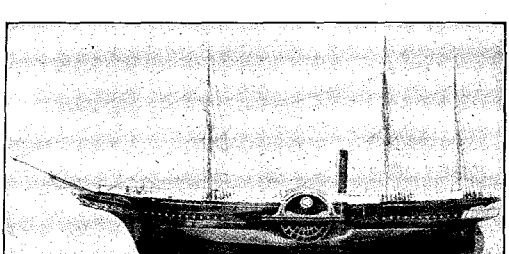
"Suppose I want to go to St. Louis?"

"Why, you go to Napoleon, and take the national road west."

And so on, through a long list, with Napoleon as the starting point of each reply. At last the man asked in despair:

"Well, now, stranger, suppose I wanted to go to Hell?"

The stranger answered without a moment's hesitation, "Oh, in that case, just go to Napoleon, and stay there."



HOW DICKENS CAME TO AMERICA. THE CUNARD LINER STEAMSHIP "BRITANNIA," WHICH BROUGHT THE NOVELIST HERE ON HIS FIRST VISIT, IN 1842

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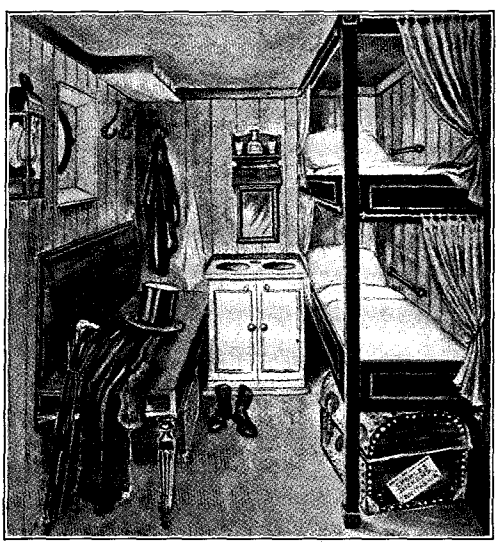
How Dickens Came

A paragraph on "When Dickens Came" may appropriately be followed by one entitled "How Dickens Came." From *Steamships and Their Story*, by E. Keble Chatterton (London, Cassell and Company), we reproduce a picture of the stateroom on the Cunard liner *Britannia*, which the novelist occupied when he came to America for the first time in 1842. We understand that there are to be two editions of *Steamships and Their Story* brought out in the United States. We shall have more to say of this book in a later issue.



THE STATEROOM OCCUPIED BY CHARLES DICKENS ON THE "BRITANNIA"

While Dickens could not have foreseen the luxury of modern transatlantic travel, he was apparently quite conscious of the inadequacy of such accommodations as the *Britannia* offered, and for which a charge of thirty-eight guineas was made—then the fare between Liverpool and Boston. In *American Notes* he speaks of the cabin shown in the accompanying illustration as "an utterly impracticable, thoroughly hopeless and profoundly preposterous box." Of the *Britannia's* saloon he wrote: "Before descending into the bowels of the ship we had passed from the deck into a long, narrow apartment, not unlike a gigantic purse with windows in the sides, having at the upper end a melancholy stove, at which three or four chilly stewards were warming their hands; while on the other side, extending down its whole dreary length, was a long, long table, over each of which a rack, fixed to the low roof and stuck full of drinking-glasses and cruet-stands, hinted dismally of rolling seas and heavy weather."

Arnold Bennett

When Mr. Arnold Bennett's strong and sombre novel, *The Old Wives' Tale*, appeared in this country last season a good many readers somewhat rashly assumed it to be the initial work of a new writer, and in consequence marvelled at its finished workmanship. As a matter of fact, Mr. Bennett is a man of forty years and upwards, with half of that period devoted to the pursuit of literature, and eighteen published volumes to his account. In view of the fact that interest in him is steadily increasing, that one by one his other volumes are being reprinted here, and that early next month his most ambitious novel, *Clayhanger*, is to be issued, it seems worth while to give a few material facts and dates concerning him. He was born in 1867, in the Pottery District of North Staffordshire, England, the district that he has painted in more than one of his volumes under the caption of "The Five Towns"—the smoke and gloom and narrow-minded conservatism of which seem to have followed him to his new home across the Channel, with the same haunting depression with which it follows his readers. He was educated at Newcastle, and for a time took up the study of law; but later abandoned it for journalism, accepting in 1895 a position on a London publication called *Woman*, first as assistant editor, and three years later as editor-in-chief. In the midst of these duties he found time to publish two volumes, *A Man from the North* (1898) and *Polite Farces* (1899). In 1900 he resigned from the editorship of *Woman* in order to give all his time to the more congenial work of writing books. He has chosen to make his home in France; and in its congenial surroundings he turns forth new volumes with a diligence

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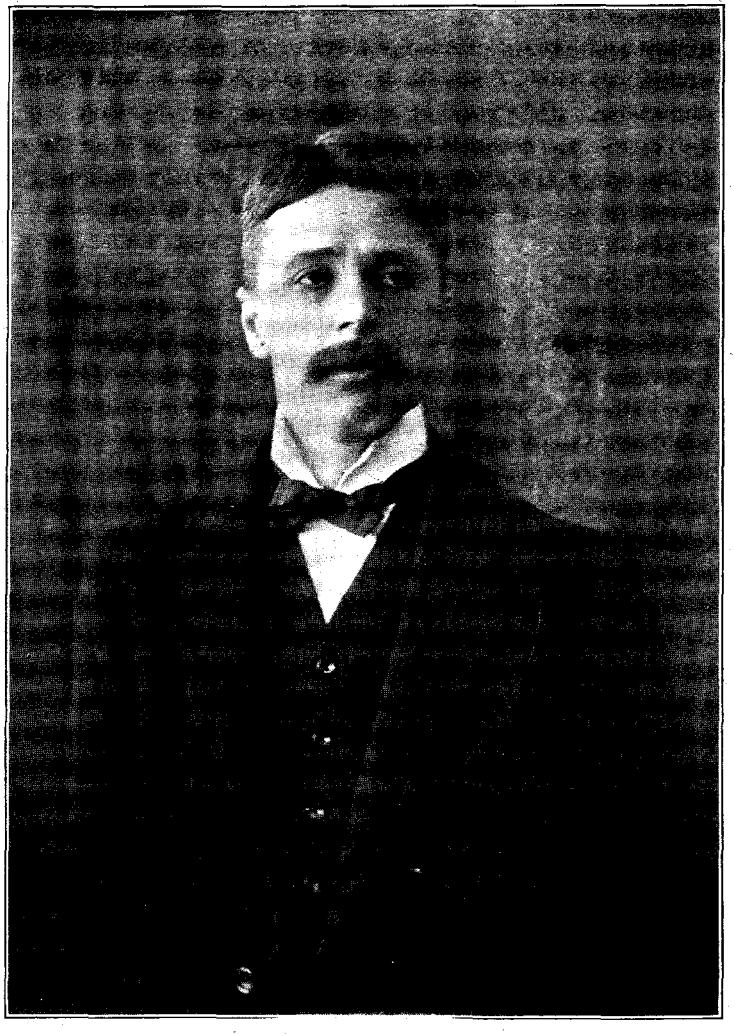
and a speed that tempt his English reviewers to urge him to work more slowly —only they are forced to admit that his books bear no signs of carelessness in substance or technique. In addition to *The Old Wives' Tale, Buried Alive* and *The Glimpse,* already published in America, Mr. Bennett has produced during the past decade the following volumes: *Fame and Fiction* (1901), *The Grand Babylon Hotel, Anna of the Five Towns* (1902), *The Truth About an Author, Leonora* (1903), *A Great Man* (1904), *Sacred and Profane Love, Tales of the Five Towns* (1905), *Whom God Hath Joined* (1906), *The Grim Smile of the Five Towns* (1907), *Cupid and Commonsense* (1908), *What the Public Wants* (1909), *Deeds of Denry the Audacious* (1910).



ARNOLD BENNETT

Clayhanger, Mr. Bennett's forthcoming volume, is announced as the first of a trilogy of novels dealing with the Five Towns, the central theme of which will be the breaking down of the old spirit by the new in the central provinces of England. The first volume relates the history of a certain Edward Clayhanger, a master printer and son of a master printer before him, from the time of his leaving school to his somewhat belated

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marriage at the age of thirty-five. His state of subjection to his father, and the latter's justification of his tyranny on the ground that eventually the son will "come into everything," are only one part of the old order of things which Mr. Bennett will show in this new work to be slowly breaking up and passing away. It is interesting to note that the form of trilogy is growing in favour among the more serious of our younger novelists, who recognise that a single volume gives a rather narrow canvas for the treatment of big sociological problems with anything approaching epic breadth. Mr. Bennett is but following the example set by Zola in *Les Trois Villes,* Frank Norris in *The Epic of the Wheat,* and John Trevenna in *Heather, Granite* and *Furze the Cruel.*

Whence Novelists are Recruited

Among the above mentioned facts about Mr. Arnold Bennett, that of his original intention to devote himself to the practice of the law possesses, so far as he is personally concerned, merely a negative sort of interest. It does not appear, from those of his books with which we have become acquainted, that his legal studies have materially influenced his choice of theme or construction of plot. He belongs in a different class from such an author as Wilkie Collins, for instance, whose special knowledge bristles forth from the pages of *The Law and the Lady*—and it is easy to recall a score of analogous cases, from Captain Marryat's *Peter Simple* to Oliver Wendell Holmes's *Elsie Venner* and George du Maurier's *Trilby,* which would never have been written but for their authors' previous training in their several callings. Nevertheless, there is another and more general interest in this detached bit of information that the author of *The Old Wives' Tale* once upon a time studied for the Bar—an interest due to the constant recurrence of the phrase, with variations, in the brief biographical sketches that appear one by one as our new novelists come into prominence. "Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief"—the number of different pursuits that have later been abandoned for the sake of fiction is too varied to be put up in the portable dose of any doggerel rhyme. It is worth while, without attempting anything like an exhaustive list, to glance over the names of novelists that casually come to mind and classify them according to the craft or business with which they purposed to begin life.

Among those who studied law we have: Fielding, Scott, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Blackmore, Washington Irving, George Meredith, Robert Grant, Henry James, Anthony Hope, Rider Haggard and Owen Wister. Journalism, which Mr. Kipling once defined as the one legitimate branch of the profession, is represented by Dickens, David Christie Murray, William Black, J. M. Barrie, Marion Crawford, George W. Cable, Stephen Crane, George Barr McCutcheon, Frank Norris, Richard Harding Davis and David Graham Phillips. The Navy and the Merchant Marine have given us Smollett, Captain Marryat, Fenimore Cooper, Clark Russell, Joseph Conrad and Morgan Robertson. Artists and architects include Thackeray, Du Maurier, Hopkinson Smith, Robert Chambers, Thomas Hardy and William J. Locke. Medicine and theology are not so well represented. Under the former head we recall for the moment only Smollett (naval surgeon), Holmes, S. Weir Mitchell and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; under the latter, Sterne, Charles Kingsley, Henry Van Dyke, Edward Everett Hale, Ian Maclaren, Ralph Connor and Thomas Dixon. College professors who have either given up their chairs to become novelists or have found time for occasional novels in the midst of their other duties are Sir Walter Besant, Robert Herrick and Brander Matthews.

Besides these, there is the great mass of miscellaneous and sporadic cases, from which it will be enough to cite a few of the more striking and curious examples: Mark Twain and Richardson, printers; Hawthorne, Customs House surveyor in Salem; Trollope, holding a subordinate position in an Irish post-office; Hewlett, Keeper of Land Revenue, Records and Enrollments; William de Morgan, for thirty years conducting a manufactory of tiles and pottery; and Robert Hichens, musician. All of which goes to prove that, while a novelist may have begun life by being almost any-

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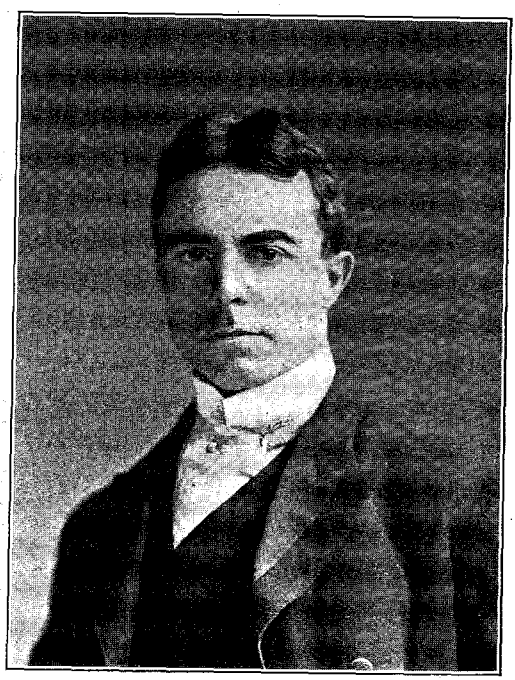
GEORGE GIBBS, AUTHOR OF "TONY'S WIFE"

JOSEPH CROUCH, AUTHOR OF "PURITANISM AND ART"

SIDNEY WARWICK, AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF LIES"



MELVILLE DAVIDSON POST, AUTHOR OF "THE GILDED CHAIR"

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thing, about the rarest thing to be found in literature is a man who started out with the avowed intention of becoming a novelist and nothing else—and succeeded in carrying out his intention.

More About O. Henry

We never fully realised how general were the appeal and popularity of William Sidney Porter until two or three weeks after his death. The number of manuscripts received of which he has been the subject is almost appalling, and what we have printed about him has been very widely quoted. Many persons are becoming quite outspoken in their opinion that O. Henry's death was a far greater loss to American letters than the death, a short time before, of another and much better known American humourist. "Porter," they say, "was only beginning to come into his own. What might he not have achieved had he lived to the allotted three score and ten!" Here is a letter which O. Henry wrote to his friend, Harry Peyton Steger, which shows the great interest he took in the titles of his books. Mr. Porter and Mr. Steger invariably addressed each other as "Colonel," and Mr. Porter always called Mr. Steger a Yankee, although the latter was Southern by birth and tradition.

ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF O. HENRY

LAND O' THE SKY,
Monday, 1909.

MY DEAR COLONEL: As I wired you to-day, I like "Man About Town" for a title.

But I am sending in a few others for you to look at; and if any other suits you better, I'm agreeable. Here they are, in preferred order:

The Venturers.
Transfers.
Merry-Go-Rounds.
Babylonica.
Brickdust from Babel.
Babes in the Jungle.

If none of these hit you right let me know and I'll get busy again. But I think "Man About Town" is about the right thing. It gives the city idea without using the old hackneyed words.

I am going to write you a letter in a day or so "touchin' on and appertainin' to" other matter and topics. I am still improving and feeling pretty good. Colonel Bingham has put

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in a new ash-sifter and expects you to come down and see that it works all right.

All send regards to you. You seem to have made quite a hit down here for a Yankee.

Salutations and good wishes.

Yours,
S. P.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

"The Piper"

The first performance of *The Piper*, by Josephine Preston Peabody (Mrs. Lionel Marks), was given in the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon on Tuesday evening, July 26th. This play in verse, by an American author, was awarded the prize in a competition held in connection with the annual Stratford festival. It is a lyric rendering of the old legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, illuminated with many fine passages of poetry; but it is not, according to our dramatic critic, Mr. Clayton Hamilton, in the theatric sense, a clearly progressive and tensely constructed play. At Stratford it was presented by Mr. F. R. Benson and his company of players, and it was received with great enthusiasm. After the performance the prize of £300 was presented

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to Mrs. Marks by Mr. Archie Flower, the chairman of the board of governors of the Memorial Theatre. This is the first time that a play by an American poet has been presented as a feature of the festival performances at Stratford; and the audience, gathered largely from London, and including such scholars as Mr. Sidney Lee and such dramatic artists as Sir Charles Wyndham, conceived the occasion as a sort of literary love-feast between the two English-speaking nations.

Pater at Oxford

In view of the uniform Library edition of Walter Pater's works which the Macmillan Company is issuing, a volume at a time, an article on Walter Pater by Edward Bradford Titchener, written in 1894 at the time of the essayist's death, possesses considerable attraction. The article is too long to quote in its entirety, but some of Dr. Titchener's descriptions of the man as he knew him will be particularly interesting to those who know the writings but not the man behind them. "Pater was certainly not above—probably a little below—the middle height. He had, besides, the typical scholar's stoop, and so appeared shorter than he really was. Bald, with a ring of neutral brown hair; somewhat pale and often tired looking, with deep-set blue-grey eyes, rather a heavy chin and mouth and an immense deep brown mustache—this," writes Dr. Titchener, "is Pater's portrait as I remember him."

JOHN ADAMS THAYER

THE PRINCESS CAROLINE MURAT

Of the reverence which the students at Oxford felt for their professor, Dr. Titchener says: "We at Brasenose looked upon Pater with a reverence that almost amounted to awe. He was to us the incarnation of art—the embodiment of the unapproachable and tantalising Art of which we knew only from books and from a few long-vacation weeks spent in the Louvre, or at Dresden, Florence or Rome, and as such he was a being on a different plane from that of the ordinary Don." As an illustration of this feeling Dr. Titchener relates the following amusing anecdote: "There had been a students' frolic in the rooms above those occupied by Pater, in the course of which a bathtub was overturned upon the floor. Some choice spirit added to the mess the contents of as many lamps as he could lay hands on. The mixture of oil and water soaked through the floor to the ceiling of Pater's bedroom; and he himself was awakened in the small hours by a gentle trickling upon his forehead. The

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news spread next morning at chapel time, and when my friend Jones appeared to breakfast with me his first words were: 'Fancy, on *that* head!' We ate our meal in melancholy silence. Had the accident happened to the then Principal, the remark would have been no more than, 'Rough luck on old Toby, wasn't it?' Mr. Watson we all respected and liked; but he was only a mortal."

An Episode of 1853

There has been much written about the marriage of Napoleon the Third and Mlle. de Montijo, but the following anecdote in the Memoirs of the Princess Caroline Murat, the grand-niece of the first Napoleon, seems quite new. The Princess was, of course, present at the wedding. "It was only when they were actually approaching the throne that the Bishop of Nancy discovered that the person who ought to have brought the wedding-ring had forgotten it. What was to be done? . . . Seeing the Bishop's distress, and learning its reason, I offered my own wedding-ring, which fortunately happened to be small enough."

Princess Caroline Murat and her aunt, the Princess Mathilde, came near becoming Empress of the French. Caroline had no ambition to reign over France, but expresses her regret that Mathilde did not marry Napoleon the Third. "More than once he proposed marriage to her, and it is recorded that while he was a prisoner at Ham, hearing of her marriage with Anatole Demidoff, in 1840, he wept and said bitterly to Barrot, 'This is the last and heaviest blow that fortune had in store for me.' It is possible—indeed, very probable—that had my aunt been Empress of the French the Franco-Prussian war would never have taken place."

Mr. Thayer as a Guide to Success

That redoubtable little volume, *Astir, a Publisher's Life Story,* by Mr. J. A. Thayer, which we discussed in these columns at some length last month, has been likened to the *Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son.* This is very misleading. Except that they are self-made men, proud of their handiwork, there is little resemblance between Mr. Thayer and old Gorgon Graham. Old Graham was almost a figure for burlesque. Whether or not satire was the author's motive in creating him, he certainly achieved its results. To be sure, many regarded the *Letters of a Self-Made Merchant* at the time as a sort of handbook of business success, full of good advice to the young, and we recall one British reviewer who referred to old Graham as an admirable type, and regretted that it was not more common in his own country. But these were the wild guesses of literary folk without any knowledge of business. He was as much of a warning as an example, and his large, ambiguous advice would, if followed, have landed as many young men in jail as at the head of their firms. He dealt in the sort of epigrams which when reversed remain quite as good epigrams and quite as true. Mr. Thayer, on the other hand, is a man of particulars, not addicted to epigrams or to any sort of general advice. We may infer the general rule if we like from his manner of overcoming concrete difficulties. There was, for example, the constantly recurrent question of an increase of salary. When a young man, Mr. Thayer's relations with his salary were always very strained. Toward fifteen dollars a week he was indignant; toward eighteen dollars a week he soon grew contemptuous; toward twenty-five dollars and expenses he became in a very short time almost morbidly vindictive. And not for a moment did he conceal his feelings. One of the chief reasons, we should say, for his rapid advancement was his frank and frequent revelation to his employers of this divine discontent. The number of dollars a day he ought to be receiving would at times fairly sing in his ears—

> My eagerness overcame his scruples, however, and I was engaged at the same unescapable salary of eighteen dollars a week, for a term, as he carefully explained, not exceeding three weeks, the hours being from eight to five. This was my first encounter with the eight-hour plan and I showed my surprise.
>
> "I long ago decided," he said jestingly, "that

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the proper division of time is eight hours for work, eight hours for play, eight hours for sleep——"

"And eight dollars a day?" I continued, completing the rhyme.

"Not yet, young man," he smiled. "Not yet."

And he was as ingenious in his pleas as he was quick in turning his heart's desire into rhyme. Once when a travelling man in Texas he determined to ask his employer to set him at a different kind of work.

Fortunately for me, our personal relations were of the pleasantest. Often his guest at luncheon and a frequent visitor at his country house, I met an indulgent if astonished hearing when without mincing words I announced that I had decided to travel in Texas no more. Asked for reasons, I furnished many, but the heavy shot was this: "I intend to marry some day," I said, "and I owe it to my future wife—whom I haven't met—not to become a confirmed travelling man, unable to do anything else, and saddled, perhaps, with bad habits." To the head of a family as happy as it was numerous this domestic argument made its prompt appeal, and he inquired kindly what I meant to do. I modestly suggested that he permit me to try city trade, a field in which we had no one, and the novelty of the idea taking his fancy, a city salesman I became.

Astir is worth fifty of those guide-books to success which were so numerous a few years ago and of which we have recently seen some sorry examples—books addressed to young men "on the threshold," and abounding in the aphorisms of millionaires. Beautiful as the life of the millionaire is, it seldom, in this field, shows to great advantage. The common form of millionaire advice is that of the once-a-tinker-now-a-merchant-prince type of man, who draws preposterous lessons for the guidance of youth from the store of his own early disadvantages. Be practical, young man, and cut away everything in life that has no money in it. Start early at your job, cultivate no alien tastes, remain stone-deaf and blind to everything that does not pay. It is the literature of the diamond shirt stud and somewhat formidable in bulk. For there is a considerable number of young and old who detect a pleasant sort of clinking sound in every rich man's large advice. Lovable as the millionaire always is, we have certainly called him in too often to address the Sunday-school. We seem to require the autobiography of every goose that lays a golden egg.

And the average treatise on success talks down to young manhood at a lower than human level. Be honest, be good, be firm, choose the right; and Christian principles are very good things and may sometimes be employed even in your business; and "He who has pluck need not wait for luck," and "Self-control is the first rung on the ladder of success." True words, no doubt, but there is very little hope in this world for the sort of young man that needs them, for, after all, the mind, if there be one, is apt to sprout at an early age. The contrast between Mr. Thayer's shrewd, amusing and most ingenuous little book and all this sort of thing is refreshing.

Professor Macphail on Woman

Insurgent husbands, anti-suffragettes, the old home-guard of "woman's charm," experts in the ever-womanly, pickets of "the sphere," in fact, the entire host of shattered hominism may rally with confidence round the first two papers in Professor Andrew Macphail's *Essays in Fallacy* on "The American Woman" and "The Psychology of the Suffragette." They hearten a man for every form of sex-warfare, from fireside single combat to platform campaign. "The American Woman" is a reprint of a series of articles which appeared in the London *Spectator* more than a year ago and which were at the time something of a storm centre. Both essays are very clever and malign, written out of a head well stocked with varied reading, and fully attaining the author's aim, as announced in his preface, of a "free asperity of expression." Sex-patriots on either side ought to read every word of these two papers, the hominist to equip himself for the manful charge, the feminist to forearm herself against it. No summary will suffice for them. We offer

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the following summary and selections merely by way of first aid to some beleaguered family man, perhaps at this moment on the eve of altercation, and probably quite unprepared:

The term "American Woman" as employed by Professor Macphail means a type of "idle busybody" associated in the popular mind with the United States, because especially numerous and thriving there, but by no means confined to that country or even indigenous to it. He says it is wholly inaccurate as a description of the average American mother, wife or daughter.

To speak of the "American Woman" as if she were confined to, or even especially characteristic of, the United States, is as if one were to assume that the common scale which destroys apple trees were found nowhere else than in San José or that the potato-bug confines its ravages to Colorado. These pests did not even originate in the places whose names they bear, and the "American Woman" of the novelists was a common occurrence long before the United States were discovered.

But this injurious type of woman has, he thinks, flourished especially in the United States, though now to be found everywhere. Just as smallpox breaks out with unprecedented fury when transferred to a new environment, just as the "Hanoverian" brown rat upon invading England in the eighteenth century replaced the "Old-English" black rat which till then possessed the country, so this objectionable breed of woman found in the United States a "suitable environment" and

began to develop an exuberant growth and to thrive exceedingly, with such coarse luxuriousness as one beholds in a shade-dwelling plant which is suddenly transported into the light.

But the type itself is very ancient—

In the remote days of the much-distressed Ezekiel there were also women of this type, who by the absurd practice of "sewing pillows to their armholes, made the hearts of the righteous sad."

Woman's primitive functions, the preparation of food and clothing, and the care of her mate and offspring, have passed from her under the division of labour, whereby food is purchased already prepared, the larder stored each day from the grocer's wagon, and the child turned over to "male and female hirelings—physicians and nurses." Every industrial advance tends to destroy the family. Deprived of its natural functions, the maternal instinct runs riot in "noisy sentimentalism," into mothers' meetings, into undue concern for the infant and neglect of the growing child—

The American mother is famous for the care of her infant and neglect of her child.

Woman now admits the superiority of men in what were once her special callings—the superiority of the man-cook, the man-tailor, and the man-midwife, and finally Ibsen discovered that she could not even sew on a button effectually.

Now the country is rich, but the family is destroyed. One couple in every twelve is divorced. The natural occupations of women are gone. There is money and idleness for the rich, idleness alone for the poor. The rich create work for themselves, charitable drudgery, social rivalries, merely to tire themselves out. They are uncongenial tasks like those of a "dog in a dance" or a monkey at his sewing.

Off the stage, we are told that these animals are subject to fits of ill-temper, to outbursts of emotion, to discontent; that they crave for excitement, and that they finally "break down."

It is the same way with woman. Self-reliance is the most deadly lesson she can learn. Her natural resources are meekness, patience and kindness, and when she abandons these she

merely becomes an "American Woman," and in striving for her "rights" she loses her influence, and gives us a new reading of the old fable of the bone and its shadow.

Women were never so powerful or so happy as in ancient Greece, where they had no rights, but were completely under the authority of men, and where no matter what the woman was or did, the man was blamed for it. The woman who has

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a veil upon her head has authority upon her head. The woman who is happy is she who goes quietly and obeys the law of gentleness. Finally,

The American woman—all women—should turn upon the "American Woman" as judges and executioners, with cold, deliberate indignation, in such virgin fury as the workers in the hive display toward the great idle, sugary-mouthed drones unconscious on the melliferous walls. And happily, there is evidence that the people are tired of the farce, that the lights are out and the audience gone home.

"Behold the feet of them that carried out Sapphira." Having removed the American Woman, Professor Macphail now turns to the suffragette. Here his method is ironical, marked, as a reviewer has said, by "sidelong glances," "jests delivered with a bewildering composure," and the employment of "the *reductio ad absurdum* with a gravity not less than Euclid's." Hitherto, he says, the arguments for woman's suffrage have been too feminine and too easily overborne by flat contradictions. For example, when the suffragettes complain that such a woman as George Eliot or Mrs. Browning should not exercise a privilege enjoyed by her husband's valet, they are met by the answer that the right may as well be taken from the man as conferred upon the woman. When we offer them one of these alternatives:

If women are different from men, representative government without including them is incompletely representative of the State; if women are the same as men, then presumably they have the same need to vote as men—they suggest that we substitute "lunatics" for "women" and see how the propositions read.

But when the anti-suffragists go beyond mere contradictions and put forth positive arguments, there is little difficulty in refuting them. Take, for example, the familiar taunt that women would vote for the candidate whose external appearance was pleasing. What of that, says Professor Macphail, as spokesman for the suffragettes, when the reasons that now prevail are equally flimsy? And

under the new arrangements a House of Representatives would be composed of men who would at least be beautiful, whereas to-day they are neither beautiful nor good.

Such arguments, he thinks, are merely mockery and

when mockery fails, they descend to ridicule even of martyrs, laughter at heroines, and mirth, because a suffragette of her own volition assumed and continues to bear the name of Catt.

Quickly brushing aside these trivialities, he settles down to his grim, ironical central argument, which is that by permitting woman to vote we shall render her so unlovely that there will no longer be any danger of the "merging of the male idea into the feminine." For woman "exercises her power by means of a charm, by which she allures and then captivates," and

If the power of this charm were unchecked it would reabsorb the masculine idea into the feminine, so earnestly is it desired by men. . . . If all women at all times behaved themselves in accordance with the principles of the eternal feminine, which are those of appearance and beauty, men would become so enamoured of it that they would mould their lives by it and eventually transform themselves into women.

This is a real danger because the male is, in horticultural language, a "sport" with an inveterate tendency to revert to the female type,

which is the more stable of the two, less sensitive and therefore capable of enduring discomfort, less intelligent and therefore guided more by instinct than by reason, less troubled by those emotions which lead to self-sacrifice for the good of the whole, more enduring because less dominated by those principles which are known as morality.

Instances of this reversion may be seen in the decay of past civilisations through effeminacy and in the frequent occurrence of feminisation in the individual, such as in the young husband who becomes blissfully absorbed in the functions of a lady's maid or the old man

whose duties are mainly those of a "hooker-up," as that humble office is technically called.

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And society to-day is largely feminised.

All novels are written for women except the few which are worth writing. . . . This desire of women to be deceived accounts for that insincere writing which is found in nearly all novels, and in all those she-papers which fatten upon her credulity. Reading, then, becomes a vapid and frivolous amusement for dazing the mind, and a book no better than a lap-dog.

And art fares no better.

The pictures which are painted to please her must have a superficial prettiness, and the houses which are erected for her use will best serve her purpose if, instead of simplicity, they display a decorated cosiness and have sufficient cupboards for the accommodation of her cast-off finery.

The superfluous top-hamper of civilisation, which makes living difficult for the rich, and impossible for the poor, continues to burden humanity because women will have it so. A world of iniquity is created out of their desire for change. It is not love of beauty which suddenly reveals to a woman that last year's adornment is hideous, but the desire to change one form of ugliness for another. If she possessed that sense of beauty which comes from sincerity, and that in turn from freedom, she would once and for all agree upon some practice of adornment combined with utility, which would have a reasonable degree of permanency, rather than submit to the tyranny of an organised band of mercenaries, who exist for the purpose of exploiting her femininity.

After observing the moral conduct of all created beings, from the amœba to the members of the International Women's Suffrage Association, he finds that morality had its beginning in the activities necessary to the procuring of food, and since these fell chiefly to the share of the male, the female continued to be non-moral. In the contest with his enemies and with his environment, man developed a logic and a morality of his own; sheltered as woman was, she required neither. Without freedom there can be no character. Woman became servile because she was not free; mindless because she had another to think for her; heartless because there was no need so far as she was concerned of a wide and disinterested charity; unjust because she was shielded from the penalty of injustice. Not only was she deprived of all incentives to develop a morality, but she became "the victim of man's unconscious egoism and conscious duplicity." There is, for example, the condition known as "being in love," of which Dr. Stanley Hall offered a few weeks ago the following definition:

Emotive delusion, fixed idea, rudimentary paranoia, psychic neurasthenia, episodic symtoms of hereditary degeneracy, and psychic emotive obsession.

Professor Macphail does not go so far as this. He merely defines it as a "mental disorder," of which "the first symptom is an entire incapacity to perceive the truth." In this condition the man projects into his ideal of the woman his own qualities or those which he desires for himself.

A man who is in love with a woman is really in love with himself, but neither the one nor the other is aware of the fact. He begins by deceiving himself and ends by deceiving her, for a time at least, and her future life consists in the employment of every resource to encourage and maintain the fiction. . . . To succeed in retaining this love, she is obliged to live the life of the image he has created, and ends by destroying her inner self.

It is not strange that deprived of freedom and of contact with the world, she should not have developed a morality. The same thing is true of clerics who deal constantly with women, of schoolmasters, professors and writers whose experience does not extend beyond the class-room and the study.

The characteristics of the feminine nature are found in them. They are considered virtuous because the problems of morality have never presented themselves.

Moreover, women being essentially self-deceived or dishonest, can never confess. As Kant says, they never betray their own secret. All the great "Confessions" have been written by men. Contrast George Sand's *L'Histoire de ma Vie* with Rousseau's *Confessions*. Who

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could be so absurd as to suppose that she tells us all she remembers?

A man will deliberately revive the remembrance of past sins for his present amendment. . . . A woman forgets an act of meanness because it made no impression upon her mind when she committed it. She does not understand the nature of it. She forgives an act of meanness which a woman commits against her because they understand each other so well.

Men freely confess the savage feelings that still lurk in them. They do not hesitate to display their primitive instincts openly, as

in the joy with which they eat their food, in their poor attempts at the decoration of their persons by means of green hats and coloured waistcoats, in their pitiable attempts to look fierce by an arrangement of the vestige of hair which yet survives, in the alacrity with which they imbibe intoxicants for the sake of casting off that burden of morality which they have so painfully acquired and which yet sits so uneasily upon them.

Yet they have arrived at a higher morality. The present equal suffrage movement is merely an effort on the part of women to do the same. It is an attempt of women to stand on their own feet and "attain consideration by virtue of goodness and not of charm." Their real enemies are the alluring members of their own sex who under present conditions master men easily because men "find it so comfortable to succumb."

There is no creature in the world who is so irritating to the woman who is merely good as the woman who is merely charming, and therefore in a condition of negative morality.

And the value of the suffrage consists in the emancipation of woman from herself in so far as it emancipates her from man. But to attain an independent moral status for her sex the emancipated must not only cease to be "merely charming" herself; she must prevent others from being so, but since men do now desire women mainly for their charm, we may have to face the extinction of the species. This, however, is no bar to the argument.

In a question of morality consequences do not count. We did not create ourselves. The responsibility of ceasing to exist does not rest upon us.

All of which should, we think, exacerbate the great issue between hominism and feminism and lead to shrewder fighting all along the line.

A Light on Balzac

It has been told how Théophile Gautier once wrote a critical study of Balzac, and the latter, seeing it, drew upon Gautier for half the amount paid for the article, on the ground that if he had not existed Gautier would not have had the opportunity to write so many amiable things about him, and that in consequence the two were necessarily collaborators and should share equally. Another phase of Balzac's eccentricity is illustrated in a recent number of *Les Annales* of Paris. In 1841 a dramatist named Siraudin, who although now forgotten had something of a reputation in his day, sent to the Variétés a piece entitled *The Vendetta,* which scored an immediate success. No sooner had royalties begun to come in than Siraudin received the following letter:

MONSIEUR: You are having presented at the Théatre des Variétés a play, *The Vendetta.* This title being that of one of my stories, I beg of you to forward my share of the profits.

Your Collaborator,
HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

Siraudin was naturally profoundly astonished. As he had never read *The Vendetta* of Balzac, his conscience did not trouble him. He decided to submit the case to his confrère Dumanoir, a man of ripe experience. As a result of the interview he presented himself at Balzac's house at Passy. The novelist himself, dressed in his legendary white flannel robe, opened the door.

"Who are you?" said Balzac brusquely.

"I am, Monsieur, one of the authors of *The Vendetta.*"

"Delighted to see you. We have something to say to each other."

Siraudin, somewhat disturbed, sat down in an armchair. Balzac, his coun-

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tenance showing irritation, remained standing.

"For a long time, Monsieur," said Balzac, "they have been stealing my novels for the stage; they have been transforming them without my authorisation and they forget to include me in the profits. This cannot continue. I have said nothing until the present, but now I have you, and you are going to pay for the others."

Siraudin protested that his play had nothing in common with the work of the novelist. "What does that matter?" retorted Balzac. "They bear the same title and that is enough. If you refuse my just demand the courts will decide between us."

The dramatist rose, bowed, drew from his pocket a little folded paper and said to Balzac:

"Since we are settling our affairs, let me present to you, from M. Dumanoir, whom you know, no doubt, a little claim. Did you not publish, in 1838, a novel entitled *A Daughter of Eve?*"

"Certainly."

"Very well! M. Dumanoir, in collaboration with MM. Lafargue and Solar, presented in 1833, on the same stage of the Variétés where our *Vendetta* is being played to-day, a piece entitled *A Daughter of Eve*. You will, therefore, see that you have despoiled him, and he has charged me to demand from you, for this larceny, twenty thousand francs of damages and interest."

This counterstroke was too much for Balzac. He burst out laughing, insisted on keeping Siraudin to breakfast, and mapped out prodigious schemes for making both their fortunes.

A Half Forgotten Romance

About three years ago there appeared in the BOOKMAN an article by Mr. James Huneker entitled "A Half Forgotten Romance." It told the story of the loves of Ferdinand Lassalle and the extraordinary woman who was born Helena von Doenniges, and who became, after the tragic death of Lassalle, the Princess Racowitza. The half forgotten romance is recalled by the publication of *Princess Helene von Racowitza, an Autobiography,* translated from the German by Cecil Mar, and coming from the press of the Macmillan Company. Mr. Huneker's paper so thoroughly covered a story that, to use his own words, "set all Europe gossiping, wondering and, finally, sent it into semi-hysterics, as the affair turned into a tragedy, for which the woman was universally condemned," that we are merely going to outline it here. Lassalle, the fiery leader of German Socialism, met Helena von Doenniges in 1864. The two loved each other from the first, and the stormy passion came to an end when Lassalle fell in a duel with Yanko von Racowitza, another of Helena's suitors. Helena was far from being as unmoved as Werther's Charlotte, who, in the words of the poem:

> Having seen the body
> Brought before her on a shutter,
> Like a well-conducted person
> Went on cutting bread and butter.

Nevertheless, six months later she outraged the world by marrying the slayer of her lover. The whole story has been told by George Meredith in his novel *The Tragic Comedians*. After the death of von Racowitza, Helena embarked upon an adventurous career, involving two or three marriages, authorship and the stage.

In the course of her life Helena von Racowitza has rubbed elbows with much that was distinguished in literature and art and music and politics. Long before she met Lassalle her worldly education had begun. When she was a mere girl at Nice she came in contact with such celebrities as Bulwer Lytton, Meyerbeer, Lord Brougham, Dickens, and the old King Louis I. of Bavaria. In her autobiography she tells us that Bulwer Lytton stands in the foreground of her memory. When she knew him at the end of the fifties he was already past his first youth; his fame was at its zenith. "He seemed to me antediluvian," she writes, "with his long dyed curls and his old-fashioned dress. He dressed exactly in the fashion of the twenties, with long coats reaching to the ankles, knee breeches, and long coloured waistcoat. Also, he appeared always with a young lady who adored him, and who was followed with a man

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servant carrying a harp. She sat at his feet and appeared as he did, in the costume of 1830, with long, flowing curls, called *Anglaises*. To me, who hated every kind of pose, the famous author seemed ridiculous, as did later Oscar Wilde, with his train of adoring women. In society, however, people ran after him tremendously, and spoiled him in every possible way. He read aloud from his own works and, in especially poetic passages, his 'Alice' accompanied him with arpeggios on the harp. If at that time I had had any understanding of the mystical and occult side of the great man who had penetrated so deeply into the mysteries of the unseen world, I should have honoured him and tried to learn from him; but at that age *Zanoni* and all his other works were looked upon as merely clever fantasies. It was only much later that I developed an understanding for these subjects. At that period all society was deep in materialism. In any case, the author Bulwer was more interesting than the man Lord Lytton."

"This," she writes, "was not the case with Meyerbeer. The animated and witty composer was very attractive socially, and my parents were as fond of him as of his operas. I became very friendly with his amiable and clever daughter Cornelia, who later on married the famous painter Richter. Every day she took long walks with her father in the country surrounding Nice, and sometimes I was allowed to accompany them. But as Meyerbeer was mostly in the throes of composition during these walks, it was strictly forbidden to utter a word. Cornelia's father really only took her with him to prevent his falling or having an accident, as he generally rushed onward with wide-opened eyes, which beheld nothing but their own imaginary world. This enforced silence for hours did not suit me and I soon gave up these walks."

William de Morgan

Despite the very sound popularity of his novels, accurate biographical details about Mr. de Morgan have been exceedingly meagre. Consequently the article about him by Mr. A. St. John Adcock in the August number of the London *Bookman* is of more than passing interest. Mr. de Morgan was born in 1839, in Gower Street, London. His father, Augustus de Morgan, was the first Professor of Mathematics of the University College, and held his Chair for thirty-five years. When he was ten years old William de Morgan went to University College School, and six years later passed into University College, where he remained for three years. At this period all his inclinations were toward art; he took lessons in drawing at a school in Bloomsbury, and in 1859 became a pupil in the R. A. Schools. He does not deny that certain incidents of Charley Heath's youth, in *Alice-for-Short,* are derived from his remembrances of those days; but he does deny that Joseph Vance's school has any connection with his own school memories.

Before he was twenty-five Mr. de Morgan had turned his attention to stained-glass work, an occupation in which he continued until 1871, when some experiments he was conducting in pottery in the cellar of a house in Fitzroy Square led to the roof of the house being burned off. After the disaster he took a house in Chayne Row, Chelsea, two doors from Carlyle's, and built a kiln in the back garden. Subsequently he removed to Orange House, Chelsea. In 1882 he transferred his work to Merton Abbey, and thence, in partnership with Mr. Halsey Ricardo, the architect, he removed to Wandsworth Bridge, where the business expired slowly five or six years ago. "A bewildering lot of nonsensical inaccuracy," comments Mr. Adcock, "has been published about Mr. de Morgan, especially in America; such as that he inherited a pottery business from his father, who was a Professor of Mathematics in Edinburgh, and that he was a member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. It is true that he studied painting, and in 1877 he illustrated a book of fairy stories, *On a Pin Cushion,* written by his sister, Mary de Morgan; but the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood belonged almost to an earlier generation."

So far as Mr. Adcock can ascertain, Mr. de Morgan's first appearance in print

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was with a paper on "Lustre Ware," which was published in the Journal of the Society of Arts for June 24, 1892. Before he began to write *Joseph Vance* he had never attempted fiction or thought of doing so. When he began that story he was sixty-five years of age and started to write merely for a lark, putting the opening chapter aside when it was done because he thought his indebtedness to Dickens was too obvious to be allowed to pass. Another mistaken rumour, says Mr. Adcock, is that *Joseph Vance* went the round of the London publishing houses before it was accepted. As a matter of fact, when the manuscript returned from the first publisher to whom it was offered it was put away in a drawer until accident led to its being shown to another publisher, who read and was so taken with the story, though he did not see his way to the heavy undertaking of publishing a novel of that unusual length, he carried it off, and submitted it to a third publisher, who accepted it at once. Long as *Joseph Vance* remains, in its original form it was much longer.

THE PRINCESS RACOWITZA

WILLIAM DE MORGAN IN VENICE

The Academy in 1720

Ever since it was founded by the great Duke of Richelieu, the enemies of Académie Française have contended that it has been merely a club and that influence has counted more than genius in winning admission into its ranks. Balzac, they point out, was never elected, and in recent times Émile Zola year after year knocked at its doors in vain. Whatever the truth of the matter in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries may be, that the charge was not without foundation in the early part of the century is shown by the fact that in September, 1720, the Academy called to its bosom Louis François du Plessis, the hero of Mr. H. Noel Williams's volume, *The Fascinating Duc de Richelieu.* The Academy at this period, and for long afterwards, Mr. Williams tells us, always contained a sprinkling of noblemen, who were elected without much regard to their intellectual qualifications, while many of the men of letters who graced it owed their chairs more to the favour

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A. S. M. HUTCHINSON
Courtesy of Mitchell Kennerley

Mr. Hutchinson, whose whimsical *Once Aboard the Lugger* was reviewed last month, is the son of a well-known general in the Indian army, and was prevented from entering the Service himself by defective eyesight. He took up journalism instead, and is now on the staff of the London *Daily Graphic*. He had the unusual fortune of having his first book accepted within a week or two of the time it was submitted.

with which they happened to be regarded in court circles than to literary distinction. Richelieu's own education had been so much neglected that he could not trust to his own powers in the composition of his *Discours de Réception,* and summoned to his assistance the witty Fontenelle.

"The most notorious Lovelace of his age," Mr. Williams calls the subject of his study, "who extended his conquests from the *coulisses* of the Opera to the steps to the throne, whom Princesses of the Blood consoled when a prisoner in the Bastille, and for the possession of whose heart titled dames contended with pistols in the alleys of Bois de Boulogne, Richelieu's reputation for gallantry has, thanks to the *chroniques scandaleuses* of Soulavie and Faur, tended to overshadow the other claims to remembrance. These, however, are considerable, for he was one of the most versatile of men, and in his long and eventful life played many parts. He had a distinguished military career; he was intrusted with important diplomatic missions; he conspired with his country's enemies, and under a less mild *régime* than that of the *Regency* would probably have lost his head; he was the intimate friend of Voltaire, who lent him money and professed for him a boundless admiration, the confidant of Louis XV., a noted wit, a dandy of the first elegance, a redoubtable duellist, and he had a hand in every court intrigue of his time."

The Ephemerality of Humour

In some paragraphs on O. Henry two months ago we suggested that some of his most entertaining work might have very little point ten years hence. A correspondent writes to ask us if we believe that anything genuinely humorous can possibly be ephemeral. In reply we beg to call attention to one of the finest strokes in French comedy, the last line of Émile Augier's *Le Gendre de M. Poirier,* one of the most admirable plays of the nineteenth century. All other matters having been amicably adjusted, the pompous and ambitious M. Poirier is building dreams of his own future greatness. "It is 1847," he says, just as the curtain begins to fall. "Next year I shall be a Deputy, and in 1849 a Peer of France." Now in this, to the American reader of to-day, there is nothing apparently very amusing. But from the French audiences of 1850 it drew screams of laughter. For M. Poirier was building without a premonition of the Revolution of 1848, which resulted in the abolishment of all titles in France.

Miss Libbey a Fact

As we have never read anything by Laura Jean Libbey except the titles of her books, we are not seriously agitated by her recent invasion of the vaudeville stage. It will, however, have the effect of dispelling a curious prevalent impression that no such person actually existed, and that the name merely represented a certain kind of novel of a rather low intellectual order. Such an impression is, we think,

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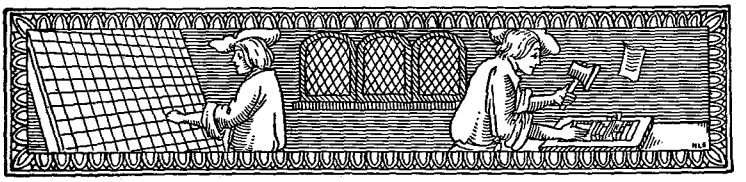
LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

justified by precedent. Were there not novels bearing the name of "the Duchess" on the cover written by various hands after the death of Mrs. Hungerford? The author of *When His Love Grew Cold, Lovers Once but Strangers Now, That Pretty Young Girl, Miss Middleton's Lover, A Forbidden Marriage, Olive's Courtship,* and, to use a line from *Who's Who,* "about fifty other novels—all A7 (which means published by the author), was really Miss Laura Jean Libbey until marriage made her Mrs Van Mater Stilwell.



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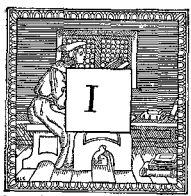
INSIDE VIEWS OF FICTION

VI—Novels of "Western Life"



INASMUCH as I am not going to sign my name to this article, for reasons that, as will be appreciated subsequently, are obvious, I will describe myself and thereby infer my qualifications to express myself on the subject in point before I set down the expressions of opinion themselves. In the first place, I am a professional gambler and have been a professional gambler for the last twenty-five years. My activities have been confined in this period of time mostly to the West, and I honestly believe that I know what Easterners refer to as "Western life" and the Western character about as well as any man in America. Without going into the specific nature, or rather natures, of my enterprises, you must accept the explanation, by way of premise, that I have "covered" the West from Indiana to California and from the Rio Grande country through the ranch lands and up on through the forests to the Canadian frontier. I have seen "Western life" in its every phase; I have seen and studied Western character in its every change. And all the time have I read.

There may be something that sounds funny in hearing a professional gambler say that he is an extensive reader. It does sound a bit incongruous—even to me. But the fact remains that reading has been my one source of recreation—and again I appreciate that the word "recreation" in this connection is somewhat odd, to say the least. I have never gone in for the deeper kind of reading. Novels have been my hobby, "Western life" novels in particular. And I read every one of the latter as soon as I can lay my hands on it. When I was asked to express my opinions on novels dealing with Western life, I presumed, inasmuch as it was supposed to be an "inside view" I was to give, that I could give my readers the greatest delight by "showing up" the errors in the novels and stories. There are, in general, any number of slips in the Western life stories, but I want to state at the outset that most of the stories are pretty true to things as they are. I have, of course, read many other brands of fiction besides that devoted to the West, but of all the various kinds, I believe, from my own knowledge, that the fiction dealing with Western life is possessed of a greater *vraisemblance* and veined with a closer appreciation and knowledge of the subject under treatment than any one of the other classes of fiction stories. Western fiction, in short, is fact. And the reason, I hold, is not far to seek. Your average writer on the West has lived in the West, knows it from top to bottom, and loves it. Your average Eastern writer, on the contrary, while he usually lives in the very East of which he is treating, looks not to the dyed-in-the-wool East itself for his themes, but seeks rather to grow fiction orchids where they do not always belong. By "fiction orchids" I refer to such odd "plants" as the overdone "society" theme, the homely old up-State character, who is probably one in one hundred thousand; the milk-and-water "stage" person, and so on to the ennui point. There are very few writers who seem to know the Easterner, the real Easterner—as you may have found him, as I *have* found him. Winston Churchill is a good Eastern character writer, and by "character" I mean general character rather than a single, peculiar isolated individual "character." Remove the cloak of ultra-romance and you find the really true Easterner, too, in Richard Harding Davis's stories. Robert Chambers and his ilk? They are to "Eastern life" what the dime-novel writers are to "Western life." They only hit the very high spots—if the colloquialism be allowed me.

To get to the Western stories, however, I may point to Alfred Henry Lewis of *Wolfville* fame as one of the leaders in accuracy of atmosphere, and to John Fox, Jr., too, if his *locales* may be considered sufficiently "West." George Pat-

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tullo's stories also stand the searching eye of the initiate. Frank Norris was a master of the West of the fiction realm. Booth Tarkington knows his Middle West perfectly for story purposes and Rex Beach his Northwest just as well. The West is so picturesque that the men who deal with it in fiction need only adhere to facts to do their themes justice. The East, too, is undoubtedly possessed of its picturesque side, but the fiction writers prefer to trust to their imaginations when they treat of it and consequently produce nondescript works that start somewhere but get nowhere.

Your Western character is, however, far more easily analysed than your Eastern character. (Hence my reason for confining my activities mostly to that section of the country.) The Texan is, I believe, the simplest of all the Westerners. The man who writes Texas character fiction, as a consequence, has a comparatively simple analytical task before him. Ranchmen, too, are not at all complex. There is not much romance about them, but there is plenty of action suitable for transference to the printed novel page. Your Far Westerner and Northwesterner have had their accurate biographies chronicled in fiction. The writers have caught them, as the photographer would say, in the right light.

Undoubtedly, you are expecting me to criticise with a great deal of severity the almost inalienable "gun play" in the novels and stories of Western life. And you are going to be disappointed. The revolver is rampant on the West's coat of arms—or rather firearms—and although, to be sure, it is not going off all the time, the fiction writers have led their readers into no error when they have introduced the pistol into their pages with seemingly exaggerated ubiquity. Nor has the Western "dialect" in the ranch and lumber camp stories been exaggerated. I have heard many statements to the contrary, but I cannot agree with them. You will find all varieties of "United States dialects" in the West, and I have heard with my own ears several species considerably stranger than those I have encountered in novels. The Western "hero" has come in for his share of criticism, I understand. He is too "heroic," it has been said. The latter criticism, I venture, has come chiefly from the Easterners. Now, while many Westerners are Lords of the White Feather, the average Westerner, as I have found him, *is* more heroic than the average man of the East. The Westerner is the real American. He may be loud; he may be without the easy graces of your Avenue dandy; he may be "rough." But he has the stuff of men in him, and if that be fiction hero treason—well, then let the Eastern polished "hero's" champions make the most of it.

Mind you, I dislike the so-called "strong" stories of the West as much as any one. The exaggerated "red blood" novels, like one or two of Jack London's, probably annoy me just as much as they annoy some other readers. I like melodrama, but I insist on melodrama with a touch of truth in it. The West has its yellow streak, like any other section of the world, and blood doesn't always run a deep crimson. But the red predominates in the West. It is only when the red is smeared all over the novel that my sense of honesty in fiction rebels. It is this "strong" Western fiction that has prejudiced any number of readers against all Western fiction. I met a man not long ago on a train leaving Omaha who told me he would not read a novel of Western life for fifty dollars. I asked him why. "Because," he said, "the few stories about Western life that I did read made me think I was going into a physical decline." He was not entirely wrong. There is no surer way to lose a reader's sympathy in the "hero" than to have the author make the latter one of those excessively powerful persons who makes the reader feel ashamed of his own perfectly sound and healthy, but otherwise only normal, physique.

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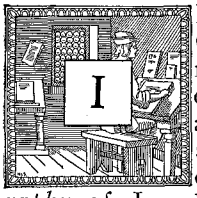
THE ELIZABETHAN "LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER"



IN New York the "Little Church Around the Corner" first received its quaint nickname from an actor, under circumstances which are recounted in the *Autobiography* of Joseph Jefferson; and it has come to be known mainly through the close relation which it has maintained with members of the theatrical profession. It lies around a quiet and secluded little close, nested away among big buildings, in what has lately become a business district of the city; but it is distant only a stone's throw from the Great White Way of the actors. Many of the profession have been married there; many have lain there for their last obsequies before being borne to the grave. The little church has been a haven of hospitality to actors; and the actors have grown to love the little church, as a sort of grave and decorous monument to their craft.

In Elizabethan days there stood upon the Bankside, only a stone's throw from the Globe Theatre, a church which was similarly hospitable to the actors and the dramatists, at a time when both players and playwrights were consigned by law to the status of "rogues and vagabonds." This church, bearing the beautiful quaint name of St. Saviour's, was already ancient in the days of Shakespeare. It had been founded as early as 1106, by one of the bishops of Winchester, to serve as the Priory Church of St. Mary Overy. In 1540 it was converted into a parish church by Henry VIII; and it continued to be known as St. Saviour's until 1905, when it was raised to an episcopate and christened the Cathedral of Southwark. But Southwark Cathedral seems too pompous an appellation for such a homely and habitable church; and those who care for the connotation of old names must continue to call it by the title that was familiar to Shakespeare.

St. Saviour's, in Elizabethan days, must have been the sole considerable church in that random and riff-raff district across the Thames where the theatres were congregated. It was natural, therefore, that such actors and playwrights who attended church at all should have drifted to St. Saviour's. The records tell us that the great actor Edward Alleyn served as church-warden of the parish. Philip Massinger and John Fletcher are buried in the choir; and beside them is buried Edmund Shakespeare, an actor and a younger brother of the poet. But the literary memories of St. Saviour's are not confined to the Elizabethan age; they extend as far back as Chaucer and Gower and forward through Bunyan to Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson. All of these giants dwelt at one time and another in the parish and were associated with the church.

For any one who is thrilled with the sentiment of high and far-off names, St. Saviour's is by far the most interesting church in London—with the single exception, of course, of Westminster Abbey. But it is a church that is very seldom visited by tourists—or "trippers," as the British call them. Most Americans who come to London depart without ever finding out that such a monument of memories exists. The reason is that St. Saviour's is situated on the southern, or Surrey, side of the Thames; and there is a tradition among travellers that there is nothing notable upon the Surrey side and that one may see all of London without ever crossing the river. This tradition, so happily fallacious, is fortunate, however, for the literary pilgrim to St. Saviour's, since it insures him a solitude of contemplation which can never be enjoyed in such tourist-ridden churches as the Abbey. He may visit the grave of Fletcher without hearing a cockney verger explain who Fletcher was, in parrot-fashion, to a score of drifting, gaping, chattering travellers from Kansas City.

St. Saviour's is, for all that, easy to reach. From the Monument you walk across London Bridge; and there you are. In a little close very near the river, encroached upon by warehouses and mar-

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ket-buildings, the old church stands—the sole survivor of the spacious days of the Bankside—the only building in that now huddled and vociferous commercial quarter which was familiar to the eyes of Shakespeare. All else has been swept away by the marching of modernity. The site of the Globe Theatre is now sprawled over by a brewery. The other theatres and the famous taverns were destroyed so long ago that authorities now differ as to their exact situation. But the great old church remains.

You see it first from the southerly incline of London Bridge, looking westward over the four quaint gables of its Lady Chapel to the taller choir and the pinnacled tower over the crossing. The church sits half below you in a little hollow of turf and trees; and to this tiny close you descend, to walk around the church. All day there is an unremitted roar and rattle of traffic over London Bridge; and the Borough Market, which encroaches on the close, is usually rau-

THE INTERIOR OF ST. SAVIOUR'S

THE JOHN HARVARD WINDOW IN ST. SAVIOUR'S

cous with the cries of hucksters. Yet, somehow, in the close itself, you have a sense of absolute quietude—a quietude made audible by the singing of birds in the few forlorn trees within the railings. A tall warehouse nearly jostles the church upon the north; there is no room to enter by the west façade, because the drays of market-men bump and clatter close to the very wall; and the market-stalls to the south are squalid and unpicturesque, and strewn with trampled rotting greenery. And yet, besieged by such a setting, the old church that remembers the Bankside as a green and growing tract of open country, sits in absolute, unalterable peace—calmly contemplative of the rude reforms of time.

The interior is hushed and reverent. You have stepped out of the noisiest quarter into the quietest place in London; and the contrast comes over you as if you had been bathed in a water that is holy. The present nave is new; but it has been built so tastefully in accordance with the old thirteenth century design that you accept it as part and parcel of the ancient

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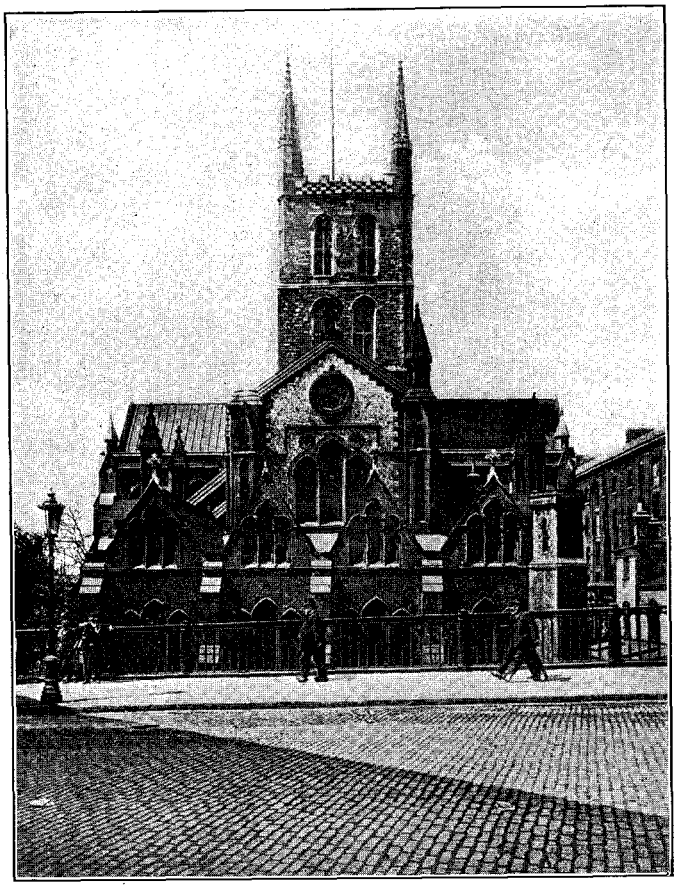
edifice. The windows of both the aisles have in recent years been filled with glass commemorating the long line of worthies who were familiars of the church—Chaucer, whose imaginary pilgrims started on their journey from a tavern in the immediate neighbourhood; Shakespeare, who buried his brother in the chancel; Spenser, Fletcher, Massinger, Beaumont, Edward Alleyn, Bunyan, who Gower, who was buried here in 1402. If Chaucer was the first great poet in English literature, Gower was assuredly the first great bore; and yet you feel a kindly reverence for this old wielder of the windy, indefatigable pen as you see him lying calm beneath his gothic canopy, with his hands forever clasped in silent prayer. He is laid out like a king of men, with all his orders and his jewels hung



ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH FROM LONDON BRIDGE

ministered in a neighbouring chapel; Henry Sacheverell, who was chaplain of St. Saviour's; the burly Dr. Johnson, and the well-beloved Goldsmith. From window after window the faces of these good and faithful servants look down upon you; and when the sun is bright you are smiled upon by England's Helicon.

In a recess of the north aisle of the nave stands the mediæval tomb of John about his neck; and he is quaintly pillowed on his own three massive volumes —the poem that he wrote in Latin, the poem that he wrote in French, and the poem that he wrote in English, as if to prove that he could be equally dull and interminable in all three languages. There he lies upon his learning and sleeps forever on his thoughts.

Clayton Hamilton.

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LITTLE BALLADS OF TIMELY WARNING

I. On Dishonesty Arising from Ignorance

King Joris was a kind-eyed king,
A dear old, gentle, smiling thing;
But 'though by nature meek and mild,
Two things could drive him raving wild—
Dishonesty, its naughty ways; Ingratitude, its sting.

Now, in his court there was a man—
Jones, Royal Court Historian—
Whom Joris, the compassionate,
Had raised from very low estate—
Jones drove for movers, once, a van.

The king supplied all Jones could use:
Pens, ink and paper, clothing, shoes,
Food, money, facts, a desk all fixed,
Five hundred thousand words—well mixed—
And, what I'd like to have, a Muse.

Jones set to work, but, poking 'round,
A package in his desk he found
Marked "Punctuations, Use with Care,"
And, looking in, discovered there
Of marks, best grade and mixed, a pound.

He used them! Not, alas! with care,
But sprinkled handfuls everywhere—
Threw commas into *b,ut* and *th,at,*
Poured points in *?Mer.!cy: s*e,e t"he c)at,*
And rubbed a handful in his hair.

Alas! an Auditor austere
Took stock for Joris once a year!
Of all that precious, priceless pound
No punctuation could be found;
Excuses Joris would not hear!

The headsman with one skilful blow
Removed Jones's head and shouted, "So
Perish all traitors who would use
Our punctuation for shampoos,"
Said Jones—and died—"I did not know!"

WARNING

Children: Think well of Jones's fate
And learn, while young, to punctuate.

—*Ellis Parker Butler.*

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DOLLARS AND DISPLAY: THE EARNINGS OF ADVERTISING MEN

NCE upon a time George du Maurier made for a friend of his just starting into business the design which is still sold on every Apollinaris bottle. When another friend remonstrated with him, saying that it was undignified, he replied: "I would do anything for George Smith, and besides I did it for nothing." This is one of the things that never could happen again, for in two notable ways the condition of advertising has changed since then. Nobody except the medical profession (which is busily figuring how it can most gracefully descend from its lofty perch) any longer thinks advertising undignified, and nobody does it for nothing.

This is an advertising age. "There is a crying need," said a Chicago pastor in a public address, "for active advertising in the churches." His voice is the voice of the Savings Bank, of the Suffragette and the Anti-Suffragette, of the Solid South, of the Society for the Socialisation of the Unsocialised, and of the Sphere at large. Open the heart of any enterprise and you will find written upon it, "What we want is advertising!"

But a backward look reveals another momentous change. About twenty years ago New England woke up one morning to find this jingle written all over her astonished face.

When a pant hunter pantless is panting for pants,
And pants for the best pants the pant-market grants,
He panteth unpanted until he implants
Himself in a pair of our Plymouth Rock Pants.

Shortly afterwards this was followed by the universal placarding of the shameless interrogation, "Do you wear pants?" and staid Boston was stirred as by another Bacchante. But when it was found that the originator of these animated legends was the husband of a celebrated and successful story writer—one of America's most conscientious and conservative artists—it was more astounded still. And finally when it was whispered that he made more money with his pen than she with hers, young Cambridge idealists waxed very scornful of the commercial era in which they found themselves. Nowadays nobody who knows the inside of the literary and advertising businesses confesses surprise upon hearing that the rewards of the latter are equalling the former—in fact it is quite the other way; he is much surprised to hear when they don't. A certain magazine which rarely pays over a hundred dollars for a story even by a well-known name has for several years made a standing offer of twelve thousand dollars for twelve pages of advertising copy. When asked how they could afford to pay so much they answered: "The producer is going to invest one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in that copy and he is willing to pay any sum to have it just right." Incidentally it may be mentioned that he has up to date found none that was just right, but his offer was undoubtedly genuine. And that is the gist of the whole advertising business: people are willing to pay high prices for copy because they put so much money in it.

THE INCREASED INVESTMENT

Because then of the increased investment, advertising is now recognised as a

In this series there have already appeared "The Illustrator and his Income," by Amos Stote (September, 1908); "The Librettist and his Profits," by George Middleton (October, 1908); "The Earnings of the Dramatised Novel," by George Middleton (November, 1908); "The Author's Full Dinner Pail," by Arthur Bartlett Maurice (December, 1908); "The Musician as a Money Maker," by Lewis M. Isaacs (January, 1909); "The Hack and his Pittance," by John Wolcott (February, 1909); "The Ghost Walks: the Actor and his Earnings," by Algernon Tassin (April, 1909); "Top Notes and Bank Notes," by George Middleton (May, 1909); "The Painter and his Profits," by Amos Stote (October, 1909); "Theatrical Stock and Its Dividends," by Geoffrey Monmouth (May, 1910); and "Sawdust and Gold Dust, by Isaac F. Marcosson (June, 1910).

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dignified profession worthy to enlist the keenest minds, the widest experience, and specialised training. It is a commercial practice absolutely demanded by the exigencies of modern business, and if, like the trusts and other outgrowths of the system, it has its bad points, they are, if rightly handled, largely incidental to the good ones. Part of its odium in the past arose from the fact that it willingly harboured fakirs and tricksters and swindlers. But with its growing dignity it has recognised a growing responsibility. Publishers now are turning away questionable material, and there are even some who spend good money to keep out bad stuff. And with the status of the business, its ideals and aims have changed also. The amusing word-juggling quoted above is perfectly unintelligent advertising of a disappearing kind. It is mere publicity and only makes known the name of a commodity without arousing a desire to possess it. Advertisers of the old school tried to see who could shout the loudest, on the theory that people would say: "So and so must be making a lot of money to be able to spend so much in advertising—guess he must be turning out a good thing." The new school aims more directly at making people buy. It uses colour and picture and oddity only that it may arrest the eye long enough to catch the mind with an idea. Modern advertising tries to start a new stream of thought. The Plymouth Rock Pants jingle is a good example of the old kind; Shredded Wheat is a good example of the present educational informational style. To-day, advertising is the science of finding out what constitutes effective appeal and the art of creating a new want. But it is a science in its infancy, an art in the making; and because people are just finding out the laws upon which appeal is based and because those laws must be embodied in expression, there is no business in the world where the mortality is so high and there is no writing more difficult than good advertisement writing. The advertising man uses his science more mechanically and his art more consciously, but the results he aims for are about the same as those of the literary man who produces his effects more instinctively—to attract and to persuade. Thus both on the score of supply and demand and of the application of means to ends, the advertising man is worthy of his hire.

And his hire is on the whole considerably greater in general average than that of any other wielder of the pen. As in every other profession, the great incomes are the exception, and an exaggerated estimate of easy money and quick advancement has arisen because the successful men are featured. Advertising is certainly no easier than any other business, and it is possibly harder than most to attain eminence in by reason of its demanding a special faculty. But on the other hand the possessor of that faculty probably meets with quicker recognition than in any other business. The largest and most substantial advertising agency has been forty-one years in business and advertises that it has learned something brand new every day. In every business and profession under the sun, it says, experience counts save in advertising; a good agent who started in yesterday knows something not known to a lifetime of service. "There are few poorly paid men in advertising," says the advertising manager of a New York daily. "That is necessarily the case, inasmuch as it demands men of the greatest mental development and possibilities. In my day I have hired, easily, two hundred and fifty advertising men, and of them two hundred are making from three to fifteen thousand dollars a year and still climbing."

WRITERS, ILLUSTRATORS AND PRICES

The proof that advertising, either as science or art, is no longer the Cinderella of her sisters appears everywhere. Scores of men are at work on the psychology of the matter. A university professor has two volumes on the subject and books on the various phases of advertising are getting numerous. As for the practice of advertising—though Justin McCarthy, Junior, and Elbert Hubbard are scientific advertising men, and humorous writers like Carolyn Wells have made much money inventing catchy phrases—professional literary people have not taken it up extensively. This is probably because they would have to learn a new technique and unlearn an old one. Literature may

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be defined as the art of saying in four words what the ordinary man says in two and the advertiser in one. Still, in pamphlet and booklet work, where the style of writing does not by reason of its condensation demand a different habit of thinking, there are many men who make more at copy than at literature. Artists and illustrators, on the contrary, can with very little change of method employ their brushes for advertising. Nor is it surprising to find them bearing away in the back of the magazines, as in the front, the lion's share of the profits. The embittered literary man who said that poetry was purchased by the magazines in order to fill up the chinks in the pages might have said also that stories were chiefly looked upon as providing a *raison d étre* (though often lacking in close connection!) for the illustrations. It is one of the whimsicalities of the magazine world that the most successful of our story writers may sell a story which represents three weeks' exclusive work for six hundred dollars and find that the average successful illustrator has got as much for three illustrations which he can throw off in as many days. It is said that Maxfield Parrish, for instance, gets a cool thousand for every magazine picture. Heaven only knows what he gets for advertising, for the popular illustrators are much in demand with advertisers and they charge considerably more than for magazine work. "Many of them object to doing work for us," said an agent with a wink, "but their objection seems dictated by diplomacy. At any rate, as the advertisers insist upon them, some way must be found of overcoming their objection." Howard Pyle gets one thousand dollars for a drawing, and men like the Leyendeckers and J. M. Flagg are constantly at work for advertisers and their time must be spoken months ahead. They are the ones who compose the groups of strong-chinned pulchritudinous youngsters in the backs of the magazines who, amid some variety of scenery, change their collars monthly and their hats semi-annually, and wear clothes all the time except when they shift to underwear. Armour paid T. M. Pierce twelve thousand dollars for twelve young ladies to adorn a calendar. Guérin once received two thousand dollars for the reproduction of an ordinary rectangular brick factory which he worked up with lights and shadows just as he would have done a French château. The manufacturer, it seems, had taken a whim to embellish his advertisement with a cut of his factory, had commissioned several artists, but until Guérin none had touched the ideal slumbering in the depths of his fancy. The highest price yet paid to an American is five thousand dollars, but this was for an oil painting which had been seen by an advertiser. Sir John Millais was commissioned by Pears to paint for advertising purposes the picture Soap Bubbles, and their two other leaders—He Won't Be Happy Till He Gets It, and You Dirty Boy—were procured in the same way. The Pears's pictures have certainly reimbursed the company, but it is to be doubted if the expenditure in the case of Armour and the æsthetic manufacturer could be justified.

THE JUSTIFICATION OF ADVERTISING

The justification of advertising expenditure is indeed a vexed and delicate question. The theory of advertising and who pays for it are fruitful topics for discussion in both academic and commercial circles. A college professor is credited with the assertion that advertising is an economic loss, an absolute waste of one hundred millions annually (a figure much understated as we shall see). But its adherents maintain that advertising is chiefly salesmanship on paper, and the more paper salesmanship the less personal salesmanship required to put the product into the hands of the consumer. Formerly, they say, a merchant depended on the haphazard of mouth to mouth praise or on the number of people that passed his door to sell his goods; or depended more certainly on the number of clerks he could hire to go out and talk about him. Now he sounds his own praises in paper and magazine, makes people come to his door, and can do away with drummers. Thus advertisers say their expenditure is justified, but they begin to disagree when they come to the question of who pays for it. Some say the advertiser, some say the non-advertiser in the same line, some say the poor old consumer, and some build themselves

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a refuge in the glittering proposition that it pays for itself. The fact that the panic year of 1909 was the biggest year advertising had ever seen throws no light upon the matter; but it is certain that printers, copy writers and artists, agents and solicitors are the last people to worry unduly about so theoretic a matter. "We spend two dollars and ten cents for beans and one hundred dollars for printers' ink," says Van Camp laconically; and his results are probably enough justification for him.

In 1905 the percentage of advertising in magazines and newspapers was 56.7. Thus whether he is paying for it or not, the man who spends five cents a day on current reading matter is getting over two and a half cents worth of advertising material. But newspaper and magazine advertising, though the largest items, are by no means all the story. The figures of the annual volume of advertising expenditure are to the outsider somewhat stupendous. Here is a list compiled by the chief advertising organ, *Printers' Ink:*

Outdoor, electric, and painted signs,	25	millions
Posters	30	"
Street car	19	"
Demonstration and sampling	18	"
Distributing	6	"
Magazine	50	"
Newspaper	300	"
Novelty	30	"

When New York City spent a million dollars last year for one brand of chewing gum, we need not wonder how (at least) the money comes to advertise it so extensively, even if the head begins to swim in figuring out of whose pocket the publicity comes.

This advertiser, by the way, offers a neat illustration not only of the modern ideas of psychology and imagination in advertising—the two powerful slogans of the new profession—but also of the fact that success here as elsewhere often cuts defiantly across lots and strikes out boldly a path for itself. When his critics condemned him for his inelegance, his childish humour, and his crude vulgarity in picture and phrase, he replied that childishness was exactly what he strove for in his copy. As most of his business was with children and people of unexacting minds, childish reasoning and the Mother Goose quality was wanted.

THE BUSINESS OF ADVERTISING

When one begins to look into the business of advertising, it takes on large proportions. Any one who has for the purpose of mailing the reading matter shorn a popular magazine of its advertising pages and—with humour not untinged with resentment—compared the two parts, needs to remember philosophically that but for the latter there would be no former; and he may solace himself with the reflection that the subscribers to the eleven standard farm papers (none of which he has probably ever heard of) pay for twelve thousand more lines of advertising than the nineteen leading magazines put together. The profession has about a dozen publications of its own, weeklies and monthlies; there are innumerable house organs each with its staff of artists and copy writers. There are separate magazines for the poster, novelty, and street-car branches; the post-card department is an entire business world all by itself; it takes an army of workers to devise, handle, and distribute the outdoor signs which all over the country flare by day and flame by night; and in each of these branches the general advertising man is out of his element and a specialist must be employed. In New York City alone there are said to be ten thousand advertising men of one kind and another. Most of these fall roughly into four large classes—agents, managers, workers on copy, and solicitors.

There are in the United States about five hundred agencies. These are clearing-houses of advertising ideas between manufacturer and publication. It is their business to conceive advertisements and get them into final shape for presentation to the public. Their work—as one of them advertises—is furnishing illustration, copy, sales plans, trade-marks, selling factors and merchandising ideas that are the result of skilled knowledge and organised brains. The earnings of the agencies are their profits at the end of the year, and most of them are corporations with the members of the firm as stockholders, each getting his share according to his holding. The top-notch of profit

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is about two hundred thousand dollars a year. This is in a great office with branches everywhere, maintaining an immense staff and constantly talking to every manufacturer and producer. There are probably two or three such concerns that make between seventy-five thousand and one hundred thousand dollars. The staff of an agency is mainly divided into two classes, copy-writers and artists. The copy-writers get from fifteen to one hundred dollars a week and average around forty dollars. One agency advertises that it pays its leading copy man one thousand dollars a week. Such a man would be an expert and left to follow his own devices, but the usual procedure is the same as in an architect's office—the planning is done by the firm and the carrying out by the writers. Pamphlets and booklets are written in the ordinary offices and the work is not done specially except when a particularly literary touch or the service of a specialist is required. A man who has had electrical training will be asked by an agency to write a pamphlet on some electric contrivance or a doctor to turn out a booklet on some new tonic. In such cases, of course, an agency will have to pay somewhat higher rates than if the work were done by its own men. An agency advertisement does not grow over night, but is the result of careful analysis from factory to finish and the final co-operation of its best literary and artistic minds. Completed, it is the product of no one man's brain, but of the conference of the entire outfit. The material for advertising is tremendously worked over and condensed. Even for an unimaginative thing like a piece of piping, a campaign is plotted several times and each step of the way minutely thought out. The consequence is that few campaigns fail nowadays. The artist in an agency gets on the whole a somewhat higher salary than the copy-writer, but he is probably shorter-lived. He grows earlier into a high-salaried man, but his ideas give out sooner and he is not as able to keep it up. The agent, in addition to his receipts from the advertiser, gets a commission from the publisher for developing a manufacturer into an advertiser. This commission is sometimes as low as three per cent. and goes as high as fifteen. All the agents advertise themselves largely, and one of them has hit upon a unique and valuable way of doing so. It keeps an ex-university professor at work compiling data useful to advertisers and advertising men, and sells its yearly note book for two dollars. The expenses of an agency in any one proposition may be large enough to eat up the profits of it. Curiously enough, this has happened in some of the best known cases. Phœbe Snow, for instance, netted the agency from which she jauntily emerged very little indeed—the artist, the model, and the incidental expenses got most of it. Two or three agencies make a specialty of press-agent work. When, for example, a certain brand of champagne is used at a notable dinner they try to get it in the papers. It is claimed that the publicity given to the Singer Building and to the *Lusitania* was all carefully worked through an agency.

THE LURE OF THE CATCH PHRASE

An agency or a manufacturer frequently pays a hundred dollars for a name or a catch phrase. But the two most widely advertised and successful names, Sapolio and Uneeda, were invented in the company's offices. Catch phrases are innumerable. Competitions for them with a hundred dollars offered as the prize used to be very frequent, but with the steady decrease of word juggling in the business they have practically gone out. Sometimes the advertiser offers a well-known writer or humourist a goodly sum for a half a dozen pat words. "See that hump," is one of the oldest catch phrases, but it is rapidly becoming only a legend, for the firm which originated it—though once disbursing one hundred thousand dollars a year in advertising—is no longer on the list of "live" advertisers. The clever idea stuff, like Sunny Jim and Spotless Town, is nowhere near as popular as it used to be, probably because it was not found to be particularly profitable. Advertising, indeed, has grown soberer with age and rarely now is a subway or street-car journey enlivened by mere cleverness. The Campbell Kid as the embodiment of sheer joy is of a vanishing race. "Cut out all foolishness," is

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the word in more than one agency. Even the smile that won't come off is no longer considered happy advertising; for psychology or imagination or something else which shapes the policy of advertisement nowadays has insinuated that a permanent smile is suggestive of idiocy and is more likely to estrange than seduce the discriminating buyer, who is conscious that he rarely assumes one even in the face of the perfect cereal or collar button or stove polish or safety razor. What has turned out to be probably the best catch phrase ever invented has not the slighest trace of cleverness or humour. It was the product of an accidental circumstance seized upon by a quick brain. One day an employee in a Cincinnati soap firm beat a batch of soap too long and appeared to spoil the whole boiling. It turned white and it floated. There was a man in the firm who thought that white soap which floated might prove very attractive in the region watered by the muddy Mississippi and its branches. He rechristened the soap "Ivory," overbeat every batch, and "it floats" has doubtless been responsible for tremendous sales.

THE ADVERTISING MANAGER

Advertising managers compose the third main class of advertising men. Every large business and almost every publication has an advertising manager, sometimes with writers and artists in his employ. This position is as attractive and as lucrative as any in the business world. The qualifications of an advertising manager are something like those of a politician, for besides being a successful salesman and thoroughly grounded in the science of selling, he must be a good mixer and have humour. The manager of a store business in a small city gets about two thousand dollars; in a large city about five or ten thousand dollars. In the great New York department stores a man may get up to fifteen thousand dollars—especially if, like Wanamaker's, Rogers Peet, and some others, he has developed a style of his own. It is said that the manager of one of our large clothing firms who originated a most characteristic style, chatty and yet substantial, was taken into partnership because his salary became so large that the firm decided it would be cheaper to make him share in the fluctuations of the business. The advertising manager of an automobile combine says he gets fifty thousand dollars a year. As for publications, on a small city daily a man might earn fifteen or eighteen dollars a week in such an office; on one of the leading dailies in a great city he might get ten to fifteen thousand dollars a year —it is even whispered that one gets twenty thousand. A magazine manager gets considerably less. Sometimes in both kinds of publication a man has a commission on the volume of business as well as his salary, and on a long-time contract with a growing paper this arrangement has been known to work disadvantageously to both parties—the publication, forced to pay out an over-large sum to its manager, promptly discharged him at the expiration of the contract. The advertising manager of a magazine does much missionary business in developing producers into advertisers. He travels over the country visiting manufacturers, and when he finds it would not be to the advantage of a producer to advertise at present, he candidly tells him so, relying on the confidential relation thus established to bring golden returns later. A manufacturer before he can profitably advertise may need to enlarge his factory, improve his goods, better his distribution, or get on better terms with the jobber and retailer—in all these cases the advertising manager advises him to wait, thus sowing a seed of kindness for the reaping by and by.

THE ADVERTISING SOLICITOR

In the fourth class of advertising men are the solicitors. The chief assets of a solicitor are confidence in himself and in the advertising space he seeks to sell. He is the apotheosis of the comic paper book-agent. In the rank and file the salaries here are larger than in any other profession. For what he is supposed by his advertising manager to do he gets a beggarly pittance, since he is expected to supply in his own person the answer to that ageless conundrum, "What will happen when an immovable body is confronted by an irresistible body?" But for the work he actually accomplishes he is paid ex-

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tremely well. The factor of personality is strikingly large in the business of soliciting, as will be seen from the modest list of requirements demanded by the advertising manager of one of our leading magazines. "He must be likable and humorous, be able to meet everybody on his own ground, talk pertinently without becoming argumentative, be a clear and quick thinker, be able to run the gamut of the human emotions, and have the ten commandments writ large across his face." In short, the ideal solicitor is a rare bird for whom the business world still waits expectant, but one of comparative equipment can command one hundred dollars a week. Beyond this sum it is scarcely profitable for a magazine to utilise his services, and he is ready to become a manager on his own account. Like a manager, he may combine salary with commission. Any solicitor who can create a brand-new proposition might very well secure a twenty-five per cent. commission. The young man who conceived and carried out the idea of Brooklyn department stores advertising in New York papers was able to command a substantial commission on an enormous annual business. Solicitors are always on the lookout for new propositions of this sort. The latest is possibly the moving picture man, who comes to a firm with the plot of a play which he wants to weave around that particular business or product. He contracts to arrange a complete story and put it in the moving-picture theatres for five thousand dollars.

Besides the four large sections of advertising men there are free lances of various sorts. Some are publicity agents attached to business houses and, with considerably less frankness, to other enterprises. This masquerade advertising is not particularly in favour with the more serious circles of the profession. It would, they say, be more dignified for Yale University to attempt to secure more patronage through open advertising media than through press agent work. But naturally the whole policy of indirect advertising is looked upon with reproachful eyes by advertising men, as it diverts great sums annually into other channels. When *Collier's Weekly* has its several phenomenal series of prize stories or announces widely that it has bought up the Gibson output for the next hundred drawings at one thousand dollars apiece; when a large clothing firm gives yearly prizes amounting to two thousand dollars for college essays on economic and commercial subjects; when *The World* offers a prize of thirty thousand dollars for the first air-ship flight from New York to St. Louis; when Fresno, California, spends ten thousand dollars to establish a Raisin Day and Des Moines organises thirty of its most important business men to get a wide publicity for the commission form of city government which it originated; when a reputable vaudeville house amazingly permits an actress to scatter packages of chewing gum from the stage—all these are methods of indirect advertising which evade classification in the ordinary branches of the profession. But more typical of the unattached are the free lance copy writers and artists. The latter include those successful illustrators who allow themselves to be persuaded to do advertising work. The former fall into the two general extremes of beginners and experts. "I write six good business-bringing ads. for two dollars. Retail only," used to be a familiar line in small trade papers, but lately it seems to be dropping out. Possibly this kind of copy writer was more or less of a fakir and got found out, or possibly with the greater organisation of the business every small town has now some sort of agency. But the free lances who have become so because they found they could make more money on their own account than attached to an agency are somewhat numerous. A well-known free lance charges twenty-five hundred dollars for any series of ten advertisements on one proposition. This man writes directly for the advertiser and does not place business. The ordinary successful free lance advertises himself largely in advertising publications. Lastly, there are those who call themselves advertising counsel. They are in the category of doctors called in for consultation. A business is sick of some mysterious disease and they are invited to make a complete diagnosis and suggest a remedy, or they stiffen up an infant industry to step out into the cold and unheeding world. They do not write copy, though

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they sometimes edit it and punctuate it with striking phrases. The best known man of this class says he is good for sixty thousand dollars a year, but he runs an agency also and so gets a larger amount of business.

Thus, after a bird's eye view of the business, one may without difficulty see that it pays to advertise—not only in the sense of the advertiser but of the advertising man also. "The literature of the future will be advertising written by a genius" vociferates one enthusiast. This may be but genial arrogance, like the boast that, even as it is, other reading matter is admitted to the magazines only to provide an artful variety. But that an advertising man looks down somewhat pityingly on a mere writer is—alas!—too true. And that no writer scorns advertising is at least conceivable. Perhaps this incredible genius of the future will advertise himself! At any rate, it seems likely that this well-published world of ours will be more advertised before it is less, for advertising men on every hand assure us that their business has as yet hardly begun to be. Possibly the goal we are approaching is that of the reputed natives of the Scilly Islands, who make an easy living by taking in each other's washing.

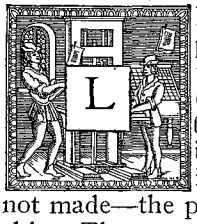
Algernon Tassin.

THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF WRITING

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

II.—The Power of Self-Criticism.

The previous paper in this series pointed out that writing, like the other arts, requires both an inborn talent and a carefully developed technique. This inborn talent a young writer may develop through proper study and practice; but if he does not have it to begin with, no teacher can give it to him, any more than a singing master can create a voice. The technique of writing, on the contrary, can and must be learned, like that of any other craft, through patient, earnest work—but with this difference: it is largely self-taught. The young author, first, last and always, must be his own best teacher.



LET us assume, from this point onward, that any would-be writer, whose eye happens to fall upon these articles, possesses in some degree that quality which is Inborn and not made—the potential force of authorship. The next all-important question is, how is this inborn talent to be best developed? What is the first faculty for a young author to cultivate? The answer may be given with emphatic assurance: The faculty of self-criticism. Yet a good many teachers will answer differently; they will tell you that in writing, as in everything else that is worth doing well, the one indispensable factor is perseverance, industry, the tenacity that sticks to a task until that task is mastered. In a certain sense the teachers who say this are right. There is just one way of learning to do a thing, and that is by doing it—doing it over and over, until the trick of it is mastered—and this holds just as true of the trick of constructing a short story as of that of kneading bread. But all the industry in the world will not take you far if it is misdirected. No amount of wasted flour and wasted energy will make a baker of you, if you cannot tell good bread from bad—and no amount of straining thought and patient twisting and untwisting of the threads of a plot will make a good short story if you do not know the right twist from the wrong.

The Importance of Self-Criticism

For this reason, a young author who

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has developed the power of self-criticism enjoys a distinct advantage. He has within him the ability to help himself as no one else can help him. Others may tell him whether his work is good or bad; but only the author himself is in a position to know just what he was trying to do and how far short he has fallen of doing it. It is easy for a critic of broad sympathies and keen discernment to point out a writer's faults and to show how a specific piece of bad writing may be worked over and improved. But in a big, general way it may be said boldly that no one can teach a writer how to remedy his faults, no one can provide a golden rule for his future avoidance of them. Suppose, for instance, that an author's trouble is in plot construction. It may be easy to tell him where his plot is wrong and explain to him the principle that he has violated. But if he is to obtain any real and lasting profit he must find out for himself how to set the trouble right. Of course, you might construct the plot for him—but then it would be your plot and not his; you would be, not his teacher, but his collaborator; and his working out of your plot would almost surely result in bad work. Or suppose again that his fault is one of style. You may point out that his prose lacks rhythm, that his language is pompous, or high-coloured, or vulgar. You may remedy specific paragraphs with a rigorous blue pencil; but the writer must learn for himself how to acquire an ear for rhythm or a sense of good taste in word and phrase. Unfortunately the power to judge one's own work with the detachment and impartiality of an outsider is so rare a quality that we may seriously question whether any author ever acquires it in an absolute sense. Many writers of distinction have been to the end of their lives notoriously unable to discriminate between their good work and their bad. Wordsworth is a flagrant case in point.* Mark Twain, in our own generation, is another—or else the genius that produced *Tom Sawyer* and *Innocents Abroad* would never have allowed such sorry stuff as *Adam's Diary* to don the dignity of print. Other writers, even some of the greatest, can get the proper outside perspective of their work only by some systematic method, some mechanical device. Balzac, for instance, needed the impersonality of the printed page before he could judge the value of his writings or do any effective revision; it was only through repeated sets of proof sheets that much of his work slowly grew into final shape.

The Rarity of This Power

Now this vital power of self-criticism, which even the great writers have, many of them, developed slowly and painfully, is at best rudimentary in the average beginner. Every writer, whether he will or not, puts a good deal of himself into his work; and every amateur writer is inordinately pleased with that part of his work which he feels to be distinctive, that quality which stamps it as his own. It may bristle with mannerisms, as a hedgehog bristles with spines—nevertheless it is the part dearest to him, the part that he is slowest to recognise as wrong. He cannot see himself as others see him. How is this rudimentary sense to be developed? First of all, it would seem, by learning to criticise others. Writing in this respect does not differ from shoeing a horse or making a pair of trousers. If you have not learned to judge whether a horse is well shod or a pair of trousers well cut, then you may go through life without knowing the quality of your own work as blacksmith or tailor. What you must do is to go to blacksmiths and to tailors of recognised skill and patiently study their methods and their results until you make yourself an expert on these subjects—perhaps, even, until you discover ways in which their work may be improved upon. And the same rule holds good, if instead of horseshoes and trousers you wish to learn the craftsmanship of the essay and the sonnet.

Self-Criticism Learned by Criticising Others

Now, it is far easier to say, Learn to criticise others, than it is to tell how to go to work to learn. But the first and weightiest rule is this: begin by reading

*Walter Pater, in *Appreciations*, says: "Nowhere is there so perplexed a mixture as in Wordsworth's own poetry, of work touched with intense and individual power, with work of almost no character at all. . . . Of all poets equally great he would gain most by a skilfully made anthology."

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the best models in whatever line of work you are desirous of taking up. Go to the fountain-head, read the books themselves, don't read what some one else has written about them—or if you do, at least make such reading a secondary matter. If your chosen field is the short story, spend your time in reading the recognised masterpieces of Poe and Maupassant, Kipling and O. Henry, in preference to the best text-book ever written on short-story structure. If your life work is lyric poetry, then by all means read lyrics, memorise lyrics, the best you can find and the more the better. You may get some help from critical studies, but you will get vastly more from the knowledge that you slowly and laboriously dig out for yourself. When some one once wrote to Matthew Arnold on behalf of a young woman who thought that she possessed the poetic gift and wished to know if there was such a thing as a dictionary of rhymes, he replied: "There is a *Rhyming Dictionary* and there is a book called a *Guide to English Verse Composition.* But all this is sad lumber, and the young lady had much better content herself with imitating the metres she finds most attract her in the poetry she reads. Nobody, I imagine, ever began to good purpose in any other way."

The Omnivorous Reader

It is rather surprising and extremely suggestive to find how many of the world's great writers were insatiable and omnivorous readers in early youth. Pope records that as a boy "I took to reading by myself, for which I had a very great eagerness and enthusiasm. . . . I followed everywhere as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods just as they fell his way." Moore, in his *Life of Byron,* gives a list which the author of *Childe Harold* jotted down from memory, of books read before he was twenty*—a list so varied and extensive as to make many a mature man of letters of his day feel sadly delinquent. George Eliot, at about the same age, writes to a friend as follows: "My mind is an assemblage of disjointed specimens of history, ancient and modern, scraps of poetry picked up from Shakespeare, Cowper, Wordsworth and Milton; newspaper topics; morsels of Addison and Bacon, Latin verbs, Geometry, entomology and chemistry; reviews and metaphysics." Théophile Gautier is, perhaps, the most extreme instance that can be cited. He learned to read at the age of five. "And since that time," he adds, "I may say, like Apelles, *Nulla dies sine linea.*" And his biographer, Maxime du Camp, says further:

> This is literally true; I do not think there ever existed a more indefatigable reader than Gautier. Any book was good enough to satisfy this tyrannical taste, that at times seemed to degenerate into a mania. . . . He took pleasure in the most mediocre novels, equally with books of high philosophic conceptions, and with works of pure science. He was devoured with the thirst for learning, and he used to say, "There is no conception so poor, no trash so detestable, that it does not teach something from which one may profit." He would read dictionaries, grammars, prospectuses, cook-books, almanacs. . . . He had no sort of system about his reading; whatever book came under his hand he would open with a sort of mechanical movement, nor lay it down again until he had turned the closing page.

Cultivate Independent Judgment

Now there may be some disadvantages in this sort of voracious and undisciplined reading, in which many a famous author has confessedly indulged. But at least it tends toward forming an independent taste and avoiding the slavish echoing of cut-and-dried academic judgments. In an essay entitled "Is it Possible to Tell a Good Book from a Bad One?" Mr. Augustine

*The editor here suggests that this list would make an interesting footnote. To which the author offers the crushing retort that it would take two pages. The books are grouped under the headings, History, Biography, Law, Philosophy, Geography, Poetry, Eloquence, Divinity, and Miscellaneous, concluding with the following paragraph: "All the books here enumerated I have taken down from memory. I recollect reading them and can quote passages from any mentioned. I have, of course, omitted several in my catalogue, but the greater part of the above I perused before the age of fifteen. . . . I have also read (to my regret at present) about four thousand novels, including the works of Cervantes, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Mackenzie, Sterne, Rabelais, Rousseau, etc."

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Birrell remarks pertinently: "To admire by tradition is a poor thing. Far better really to admire Miss Gabblegoose's novels than to pretend to admire Miss Austen's." There is nothing so deadening to the critical faculty as the blind acceptance of text-book and encyclopedic verdicts. No critical estimate of any author, living or dead, is ever quite final. As Anatole France is fond of reminding us, even Homer has not been admired for precisely the same reasons during any two consecutive centuries. Unless you are devoid of literary taste, you must find pleasure in a certain number of the recognised masters; but you are under no obligation to admire them all.* The ability to give an intelligent reason for differing from the accepted estimate of Milton, or Fielding, or Dickens, is not a bad test of the possession of the critical gift. "A man," says George Eliot, "who dares to say that he finds an eminent classic feeble here, extravagant there, and in general overrated, may chance to give an opinion which has some genuine discrimination in it concerning a new work or a living thinker."

The Independent Mind

As a basis, then, for forming a sound critical estimate of books, one needs: first, a broad acquaintance with the best authors, the wider and more catholic the better; secondly, an open and independent mind. If, beyond this, your taste happens to run to a serious study of criticism, its history, its methods, its controverses, all this will tend to strengthen your self-confidence and sureness of touch. Yet, for the purpose of craftsmanship, the principles on which to judge a book are few and simple. You are not required to dogmatise about the ultimate value, in the universal scheme of things, of the newest novel or the youngest verse. As a craftsman you are interested primarily in its possible present value to you. Accordingly, there is just one way in which to weigh the books you read, the new books equally with the old: and that is, to ask yourself what was the author's underlying purpose, what special means he took to accomplish it, and whether or not he attained his goal. The further question, whether the thing was worth doing at all, concerns the craftsman only indirectly—just as the question whether a cube and cone and pyramid are worth reproducing endlessly in black and white should never trouble the art student. If his purpose is to draw a cube or a cone, then his one concern is to find out how to do it in the best possible way. The moral or ethical value of a painting or a book is not a part of the craftsmanship of art or of literature. The one paramount question is always: What did the author try to do, and how near did he come to doing it? This form of criticism, which seeks to classify books according to the author's purpose, is very nearly what Mr. Howells had in mind when he wrote:

> It is hard for the critic to understand that it is really his business to classify and analyse the fruits of the human mind very much as the naturalist classifies the objects of his study, rather than to praise or blame them; that there is a measure of the same absurdity in his trampling on a poem, a novel or an essay that does not please him as in a botanist grinding a plant underfoot because he does not find it pretty. He does not conceive that it is his business rather to identify the species, and then explain how and where the species is imperfect and irregular.

The Craftsman as Critic

It has already been said that the young writer can get comparatively small aid from volumes of criticism and monographs on how to write; that he should go to the authors who have produced literature rather than to those who tell others how to produce it. There is, however, one class of critical essay, the importance of which, to the young writer, can hardly be overrated; and that is the criticism written by men who have proved themselves masters of the art they criticise. I have in mind such essays as that of Poe, in which he analyses the structure of *The Raven;* Maupassant's introduction to *Pierre et Jean;* and Valdés's introduction to *La Hermana San Sulpicio;* Trollope's chapter on the novel in his *Autobiography;* and in general the

*This is practically the thought of Thoreau, when he wrote: "If the writers of the brazen age are most suggestive to thee, confine thyself to them and leave those of the Augustan age to dust and the bookworm."

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various critical writings of Zola and Anatole France, Henry James and William Dean Howells—the list could be amplified at pleasure—in which they allow themselves to theorise freely about their conception of the art they practise and the methods by which they strive to produce their results. Every page of such criticism is in the nature of a craftsman's confessions—they are full of priceless illumination.

The Part which Cannot be Taught

Yet it cannot be too strongly insisted that, in writing far more than in painting, there is a great deal that cannot be taught and that you must think out for yourself. One reason, undoubtedly, is that the craftsmanship of letters is more elastic than that of the other arts—there is scope for a greater freedom and originality. Henry James, in *The Art of Fiction,* shrewdly says: "The painter is able to teach the rudiments of his practice, and it is possible, from the study of good work (granted the aptitude) both to learn how to paint and to learn how to write. Yet . . . the literary artist would be obliged to say to his pupil much more than the other, 'Oh, well, you must do it as you can.'" Again, there are some things which an author cannot teach because he does not quite know how or why he did a certain thing. Oftentimes a novelist achieves some of his happiest results unconsciously,* and by sheer instinct; and then, again, a carefully planned chapter or in some cases an entire volume fails of its effect, and the reason of the failure eludes him.† These are the sort of questions which a young writer should have constantly before him, in all his reading: Why is a certain chapter tedious and a certain other chapter tingling with an almost painful suspense? And did the author mean to achieve these results, or has he simply failed in what he tried to do? Take, for example, two passages from Kipling; not perhaps the best we might find for the purpose, but at least they are to the point—the one conveying the sense of dragging, monotonous hours, the other that of tremendous speed, the conquest of time and space. On the one hand we have in *The Light that Failed* the unforgettable picture of Dick sitting, day after day, in his unending darkness, dumbly turning over Maisie's letters, which he is never to read; on the other, in *Captains Courageous,* we see Harvey Cheyne's father speeding across the breadth of the American continent, goaded by an intolerable impatience to reach the son, whom by a miracle the waves have given back to him. Now, the first case is flawless. The second, much praised and often quoted, is off the key. That private car of the elder Cheyne, "humming like a giant bee" across mountain and prairie, by the very sense of motion it conveys, robs us of a true perception of the way in which time seems to drag to the impatient man within it.

But above all, in your reading, do not be content with studying the so-called masterpieces of literature. It is wise to know the *Decameron* and *Don Quixote,* Richardson, and Smollett, and Sterne;

*Thackeray, in *Vanity Fair,* writing the chapter describing how Rawdon Crawley, released from the sponging house, returns to his home to find Lord Steyne in Becky's company and hurls the noble blackguard to the ground, gives the final touch with "Becky admired her husband, strong, brave and victorious." After he had written these words the novelist dropped his pen and brought his fist down on the table. "By God! That's a stroke of genius!"

†Mr. Henry James's own confessions regarding *The Awkward Age,* contained in the preface to the "New York Edition," seems very much to the point: "That I did, positively and seriously—ah, so seriously!—emulate the levity of Gyp and by the same token, of that hardiest of flowers fostered in her school, M. Henri Lavedan, is a contribution to the history of *The Awkward Age* that I shall obviously have had to brace myself in order to make. . . . My private inspiration had been in the Gyp plan (artfully dissimulated, for dear life, and applied with the very subtlest consistency, but none the less kept in secret view); yet I was to fail to make out in the event that the book succeeded in producing the impression of *any* plan on any person. No hint of that sort of success, or of any critical perception at all in relation to the business, has ever come my way. . . . I had meanwhile been absent in England, and it was not until my return, some time later, that I had from my publisher any news of our venture. But the news then met at a stroke all my curiosity: 'I am sorry to say the book has done nothing to speak of; I've never in all my experience seen one treated with more general and complete disrespect.'"

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but the modern writer can no more depend upon them as models than the modern painter can depend upon Botticelli and Ghirlandaio. A knowledge of Elisabethan footgear, or of the relative artistic value of the moccasin and the *sabot,* is of little value to a modern shoemaker. What he wants to know is how shoes, the best sort of shoes, are made to-day, by the latest methods. And it is precisely the same with literature. There is no demand to-day for a new *Hamlet,* a second *Paradise Lost,* another Sir Roger de Coverley, or even a *Tom Jones, David Copperfield* or *Vanity Fair.* The technique of writing is constantly in a state of transition; and however much we may delight in the methods of a generation or a century ago, we do not tolerate them at the hands of modern writers. Take for instance the modern novel; its form and structure—one might almost say its spirit, too—has been radically changed from that of Thackeray and Dickens. And it does not help us nearly so much, as writers, to know which of the two is the greater novelist, as to understand in what respects Henry James and Maupassant are better craftsmen than either of them. Professor Woodberry, in *The Appreciation of Literature,* insists that, even for the general reader, "the serious study of one's own literature is most fruitfully begun by acquaintance with those authors who are in vogue and nearly contemporary." In the case of the would-be writer it is not merely most fruitful, but absolutely imperative, to keep abreast of the best contemporary work that is done in the field of his own labours. And by "best work" I do not mean only such books as seem likely to stand the test of time, books that are unmistakably big in theme, in purpose and in technical skill: contemporary works of this class are so few that the apprentice's lesson would be soon ended. No, I go much further than that and include all the new books which exhibit, even in some single direction, an encouraging tendency, the evidence of some problem faced and solved, some interesting innovation attempted. Above all, in your reading, avoid that narrow provincial spirit that limits your range to the works of your own countrymen. The American writer cannot afford to ignore what is being done in his own field by Englishmen. And if he has the time and the gift of languages he will be the broader and better artist for keeping abreast of the best thought and best work of France and Germany and Italy.

The Importance of Contemporary Models

And in all your studies let the two great essentials, reading and writing, go hand in hand. Clarify your impressions by transferring them to paper. They may never be of value to any one else, but they will be of inestimable service to you, as milestones of your own progress. "Of late years," wrote Trollope at the close of his *Autobiography,* "I have found my greatest pleasure in our old English dramatists, not from excessive love of their work, but from curiosity in searching their plots and examining their character. If I live a few years longer, I shall, I think, leave in my copies of these dramatists, down to the close of James I., written criticisms on every play." In Zola's published *Lettres de Jeunesse,* letters written between the ages of twenty and twenty-two, the chief interest centres in their testimony of the eagerness with which he devoured books, the earnestness with which he thought about them, and the enthusiasm with which he poured out his opinions upon paper. Through those rapid, immature and often turgid pages one sees already the germs of ideas that later came to fruition, the origin of many of his articles of literary faith. And not so very different was the method by which an author of widely different quality and creed learned his craftsmanship. This paragraph from Stevenson's letters, though often quoted, will hurt no one to read once again:

> All through my boyhood and youth I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my private end, which was to learn to write. I always kept two books in my pocket, one to read, the other to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. . . . And what I wrote was for no ulterior use; it was writ-

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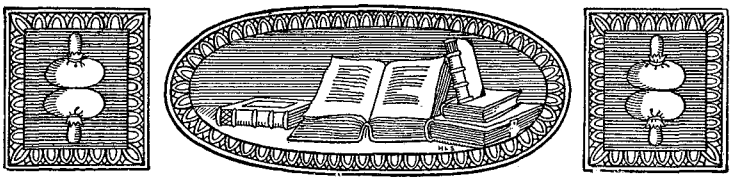
ten consciously for practice. . . . I had vowed that I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me, and I practised, to acquire it, as a man learns to whittle, in a wager with myself.

Cultivate Intelligent Independence

But in all your studies of other writers, the living and the dead, cultivate independence. Never slavishly imitate. Take what you find best from the technique of each book you read and reject the rest. Notice what qualities and what defects the authors you read have in common and what are their individual sins and virtues. In learning your lesson from them, do not be afraid of independence, so long as you know the reason why. But as Miss Ellen Terry remarks aptly, in her volume of autobiography, before you are allowed to be eccentric you must have learned where the centre is. Mistrust the extravagant individualism of youth; realise that there is no virtue in being different, unless the difference produces some deliberately sought result. To come down from your apartment by the fire-escape will no doubt make you conspicuous—but there is really no point in doing so unless the stairs are on fire. In writing we want some better and more logical reason for eccentricity than a mere peacock vanity, a desire to attract attention. Where a literary form is well established, do your share in maintaining it, excepting when you have some excellent reason for making a change. The chances are that in doing a thing differently you will not do it half so well. Only a madman would try to write a sonnet in fifteen lines, just to be different from others. Yet George Meredith made use of a sixteen-line form of verse in his *Modern Love,* which is often loosely spoken of as a sonnet sequence—and he was justified in doing so because he knew exactly why he did it. The poem is not merely a series of separate and complete thoughts, connected by a single thread, like pearls strung on the same string, after the fashion of Shakespeare's sonnets, or the *Sonnets from the Portuguese.* They form a continuous piece of narrative, and for that reason the extra two lines help the forward movement, where the formal sestette of the sonnet would have continually broken in with a misplaced sense of finality. Many a rule of rhetoric and prosody and technique may be broken—provided always that you have a reason that justifies you. The early stories of Kipling fairly bristle with strange phrases, words forced into new partnerships, and what Mr. Gosse has called "the noisy, newspaper bustle of his little peremptory sentences." And yet, more often than not, he justified himself, because he knew so well just what he was about—and knew also that he was succeeding in expressing his thoughts a little better than they could have been expressed in any other and more conventional way. So remember, in writing, to be independent; on occasion be even boldly innovative, so long as you can be so intelligently.



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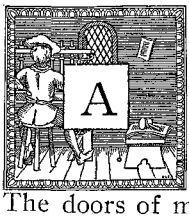
IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF HEINE

Wer den Dichter will verstehen
Muss in Dichters Lande gehen.
—*Goethe.*



FTER fifteen years of dreaming and an eternity in the cars from the Hook of Holland, I found myself actually in Göttingen, my point of departure for the Hartz. The doors of my heart opened suddenly to a flood of enthusiasm as I sat in my room at the "Krone" trying with difficulty to realise that at last I was about to begin the journey that had brought peace as well as joy to Heine, Goethe, Chamisso and to so many others who sought to combine beauty with solitude. Now that I was within a day's walk of the Hartz region, no artist could have painted scenes so vivid or so beautiful as those depicted by my yearning imagination. The hills and the pines and the castle-ruins, the mountain torrents, the homely natives, their picturesque legends and customs—I hungered for them all. My one concern was lest any of the beauty should fade before my coming. It behooved me to start at once, and much remained to be done. I walked forth into the streets of Göttingen.

"Göttingen," says Heine, "looks its best when you have turned your back upon it." To me it was almost beautiful. A peaceful, venerable city it seemed, with an air of quiet wisdom about it, much like an elderly gentleman who has lived chiefly in the study—Faust before the temptation of Mephistopheles. Little traffic disturbed the spacious quietude of Weenderstrasse. Quaint gables and old-fashioned balconies overhung the roomy pavements. The booksellers' windows along the street gave the scene an air of redeeming dignity.

My business, however, at that particular hour was to purchase a knapsack and other equipment for my journey. Of knapsacks there was a lavish display in the first shop I entered. How often had I not pictured myself, staff in hand and slightly stooping under just such a knapsack, disappearing into the bosom of a mysterious forest in the Hartz. I must have had what philosophers call an *à priori* knowledge of these *Rucksacks,* for I realised I had never before seen one. I touched the greenish pouch with almost trembling fingers and the saturnine damsel who conducted the sale must have seen that she could ask any price she chose. But Göttingen is of a hopeless honesty.

The next day broke so clear and cool that had it not been a Sunday I should have felt moved to depart that morning. As it was, I resolved to wait until the Monday and to look in the meanwhile upon Göttingen. I drove about the speckless city gazing my fill upon the ugly university buildings, the venerable Aula, the Anatomical Institute, with its gruesome collection of half a million skulls, and the others. The white dwelling houses surrounded by glistening verdure on that brilliant morning gave to northern Göttingen an almost tropical appearance, both refreshing and alluring. Handsome statues decorate the public square and the Goose Girl Fountain in front of the Rathaus, that sweet maiden whom Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm have brought out of Fairyland, would have pleased even Heine. I looked upon the modest one-story house where lodged the Iron Chancellor in his student days, on the gabled house in Weenderstrasse where Goethe in 1801 wrote his *Farbenlehre,* and with a quickened pulse on Number 53, the crumbling old brownstone dwelling that bears the tablet "Heinrich Heine." A tailor's shop now occupies the ground story, and a saddler dwells in the low-ceiled rooms where nearly a century ago the poet dreamed his wildest dreams, wrote some of his most beloved lines and cursed the study of jurisprudence. From that door it was that he escaped, nearly a hundred years ago, into the soul reviving Hartz. On the morrow, I thought, I too should set out on precisely that magical journey.

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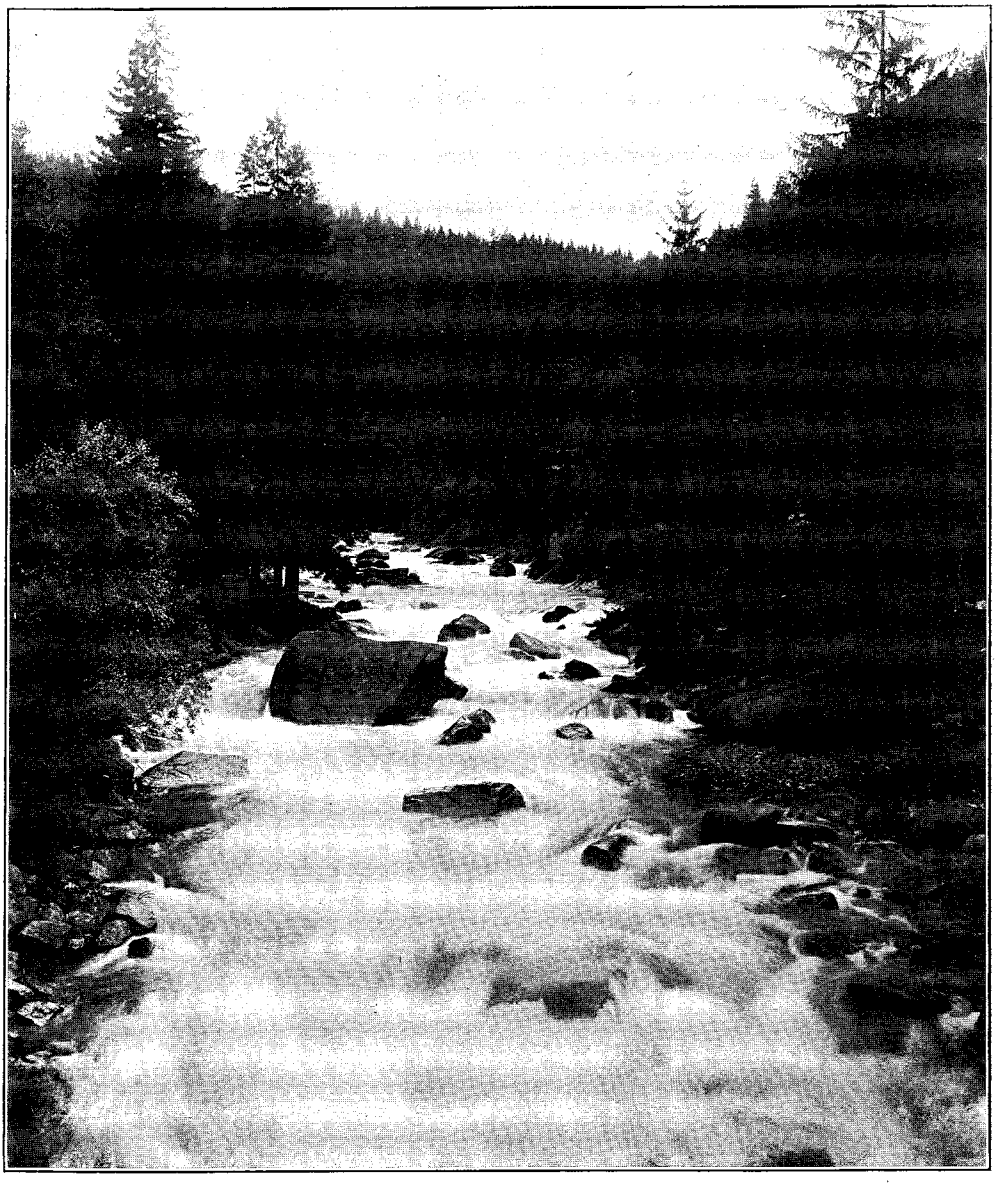
"Good-bye, good-bye," to the head waiter, to the second head waiter, to the valet, to the boots, to every one a silver farewell and from every one a friendly little speech well worth the silver. I was somewhat late in starting, for the head waiter had urged me to make the most of my bath and then to take a tender farewell of it, for I should probably not look upon its like again in the Hartz. I was under weigh at last, however, and the heavens were doing all that in them lay to give heart to the solitary traveller. A sky of blue so tender and serene I could



"AUF DIE BERGE WILL ICH STEIGEN,
WO DIE DUNKELN TANNEN RAGEN,
BÄCHE RAUSCHEN, VÖGEL SINGEN,
UND DIE STOLZEN WOLKEN JAGEN.
—HEINE.

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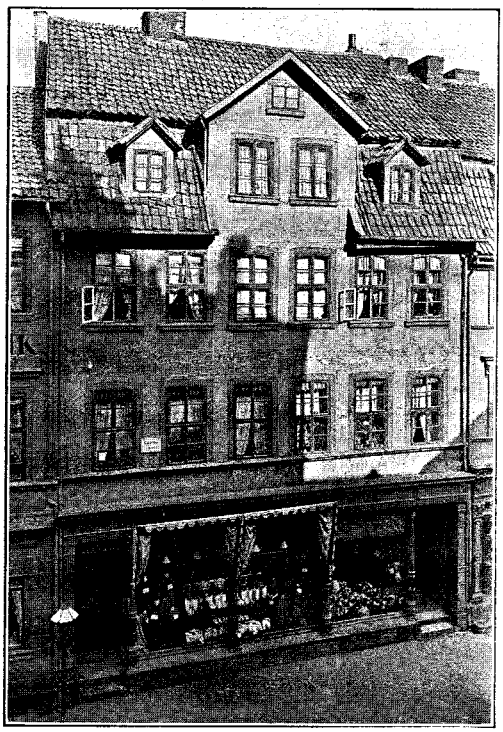
not remember anywhere else. Its speckless arch seemed to cover a world without sorrow or turmoil, without squalour or pain. Black care, that frequent companion of the traveller, was nowhere in my vicinity. Penetrated with a feeling of boyish irresponsibility and gladness I walked out toward the Weender gate, the



HEINE'S GÖTTINGEN LODGINGS AT 53 WEENDERSTRASSE

golden sun pouring down its limitless flood of light upon the quiet city. Past nine though it was, Göttingen was scarcely astir as yet. Shops were still being opened by seemingly drowsy shopmen. A milkman's wagon rattled along the cobblestones, a butcher's boy was leisurely urging a Dalmatian hound harnessed to a meat-basket on wheels; a tiny, mouse-grey donkey was nonchalantly drawing a heavy two-wheeled cart with a strapping man in it. Toward the city gate the street began to die out and soon it perished utterly and was merged into the great white highway that swept nobly on, bordered by green meadows and yellow wheat fields until it was lost beyond the horizon.

Joyfully I marched on along the ribbon of springy footpath with the golden fields of barley and of rye on either hand, alternating with squares of soft green meadow land, like some god's checkerboard, until I came to the outskirts of Bovenden, which is nearly all outskirts. Göttingen students were wont to fight their duels here, and the village was accordingly patrolled by university proctors, though the real object of these gentry, according to Heine, was to hold quarantine here lest any enterprising young tutor should import some new ideas into the learned city. I felt ashamed to be hungry after exactly an hour's walk, but as my breakfast had been light, I entered the inn, unstrapped my knapsack with the air of one who had been marching many hours, and ordered luncheon.

From the cosy inn parlour I looked upon the empty square about which were grouped the village church, the schoolhouse and the town hall. In the centre was the town pump and watering trough. A dog lay sleeping in the shadow of the church. Now and again the sweet treble of childish voices singing either in the church or in the school-house, I could not tell which, came floating across the square, with that haunting, touching quality that children's voices always have. The clangour of a bell suddenly brought me out of my reverie, and there beside the town pump stood the bellman with a scroll in his hand. He was the town crier, and in drawling, monotonous voice he read to the church, to the schoolhouse, to the dozing dog, to the empty square and to me the announcement that a meeting would be held that evening for the purpose of voting the village taxes. Every citizen probably knew of the meeting anyway, but for hundreds of years news had been spread after that fashion in Bovenden, and in such places fashions do not change.

The townsfolk were all in the fields. Everybody was occupied excepting myself. I, in the character of the weary traveller, sat there quietly eating the bread, or rather the eggs, of idleness. Could those eggs have been laid by merely earthly hens? A pleasant-faced field-labourer broke in upon these gustatory reflections by calling for *Schnapps,* re-

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marking upon the drought and asking me whether I travelled on business. But when he learned that pleasure was my only object his face darkened, and to my surprise he grew somewhat bitter and cynical.

"Pleasure," said he with a frown, "is a thing nowhere found. People travel the world over, but health and home is the best they can ever discover."

I strapped on my knapsack, paid my score and left the inn. It was high noon. The sun was warm. Before coming anywhere in the vicinity of the Hartz I must still walk twelve kilometres—to Northeim—or at least two hours. I did what Heine doubtless would have done had he been able in the year 1824. I moved quietly to the railway station and took a train for Northeim. Thus only could I gain the time I had lost by late rising and slow marching. But as we sped through the sunlit fields I felt a little shamefaced. A maiden's charm, however, soon made me forget my peccadillo.

She and her father were in the same compartment with me. She was blue-eyed and golden-haired. Before long she had wormed out of me my name and confided that hers was Edith. She cheered the way with a merry song, and her father seemed merely amused in his good-natured German way as she carried on recklessly with the stranger. She made me tell her my age; she could have made me tell her anything. She told me her age also. She was three.

In Northeim, a place of some animation, the children were coming home from school and here and there a grown-up man or woman would walk in the street just as though they were not figures in an old print or a picture book. "Die Sonne," a pleasant inn that was fifty years old when Heine stopped there, is almost unchanged. The waiter wore a dress suit and there were gas fixtures in the dining-room, but the carpet in the corridors, I could have sworn, had been laid in 1775. Heine had tasted here the first food on his journey, and he avers it was a great improvement on the stale academic courses set before him at Göttingen. His wraith seemed still to be hovering in "Die Sonne," and I recalled how he had solemnly directed at this place a trio of inquiring travellers to the Hotel de Bruhbach, Göttingen's university prison.

When the sun was lower in the heavens I resumed my march. Once clear of the town, I took, in the German vernacular, "the road manfully between my legs," and began to walk in dead earnest. I had nearly fifteen miles to Osterode and the

"I LODGED AT AN INN NEAR THE MARKET PLACE."
—HEINE.

road already began to climb up hill. I shall never forget that walk from Northeim. All the sweet, simple pictures of summer that the city-pent heart yearns for bordered the highway. Fields of ripe yellow wheat were swayed gently by the breeze in golden music. Scythe-men were swinging their flashing blades in the oat-fields, while the women plodding behind them bound the sheaves. Spans of oxen were drawing ploughs and frequently even cows could be seen ploughing—which struck me as ungallant. Beyond the fields on either hand a range of densely wooded hills, harbingers of the

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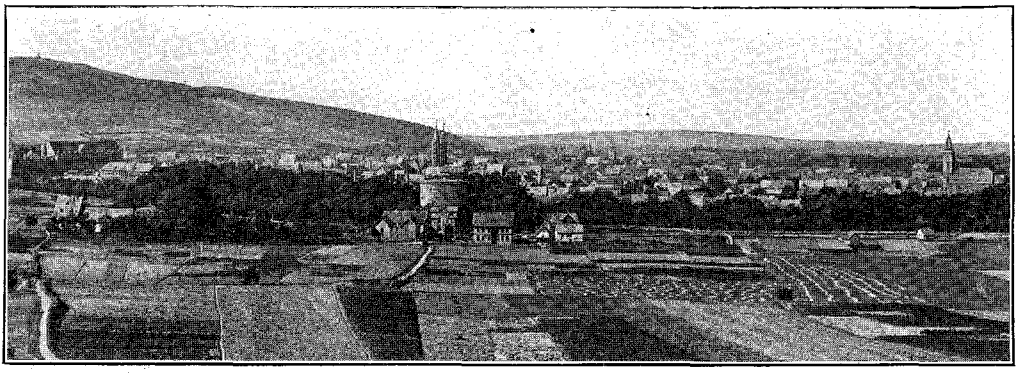

"THE NAME GOSLAR SOUNDS SO CHEERFUL . . . THAT I EXPECTED AN IMPOSING, STATELY CITY."
—HEINE.

Hartz, curtained the horizon. I felt wonderfully free and happy. Through my mind flashed the long years of waiting and hoping for this journey through a magic land, and the old boyish dreams of achievement and joy and glory began to stir and waken as from a long sleep.

"Steiget auf ihr alten Träume!"

I passed through Caltenburg, which was one deserted village street with only a few ducks and hens in possession. The burden on my back kept increasing in weight. The sun declined rapidly and cool breezes came wandering now and again from the distant hilltops. Soon I saw the red roofs of Osterode gleaming under the slanting rays, and as I entered the main street of the city a ball of misty fire, promising rain for the morrow, disappeared behind a ridge of the hills.

Weary and footsore I entered the Hotel Kaiserhof, engaged a room and fell limply upon the bed. Despite all my fancied wisdom I had done what nearly every foot traveller does on the first day: I had walked too far and carried too much. I lay there inertly for a space, the pain oozing from my body and my mind dully conscious of the process. After half an hour's rest hunger began to animate me and I knew that I should recover. But I was still aching as I crept into the deserted dining-room and made a sparse meal of a leathern omelette. In this I surpassed Heine. For when he came here he was so tired he could not eat at all, but went supperless to bed and dreamt grotesque and fearful dreams. When I stepped out on the pavement under the watery rays of a street lamp the chill struck me so sharply I contracted like the mercury in a bulb. But in New York, I reflected, people were sweltering under an August sun.

Not another human being seemed to be abroad, for, as I afterwards found out, tales of ghosts and hobgoblins are so numerous in Osterode that to this day the inhabitants are literally afraid to go home in the dark. Even the sceptical give a certain credence to these legends, and children particularly are convinced that an enchanted captain in the shape of a black dog nightly patrols the streets of Osterode.

Tired though I was, I offered the credulous head waiter who told me this story a handsome *trinkgeld* if he would accompany me to the captain's haunts.

"*Bewahre!*" gasped the nervous little waiter, "not I, Herr. Besides," he added, after a pause, "I can tell the Herr what the dog looks like; he is the image of dogs employed by butchers to draw meat carts. I have seen him more than once." But it was my desire, I told him, to ask the captain to pose for his photograph the next morning. The waiter looked at me dubiously for a moment and then in soothing tones inquired:

"Does the Herr require anything for the night?"

Thanks to the rain the next morning I had opportunity of learning something of the history and legends of Osterode—which resembled a very clear etching of a mountain town overhung by the passage of storm. At the hotel breakfast table the conversation consisted in the

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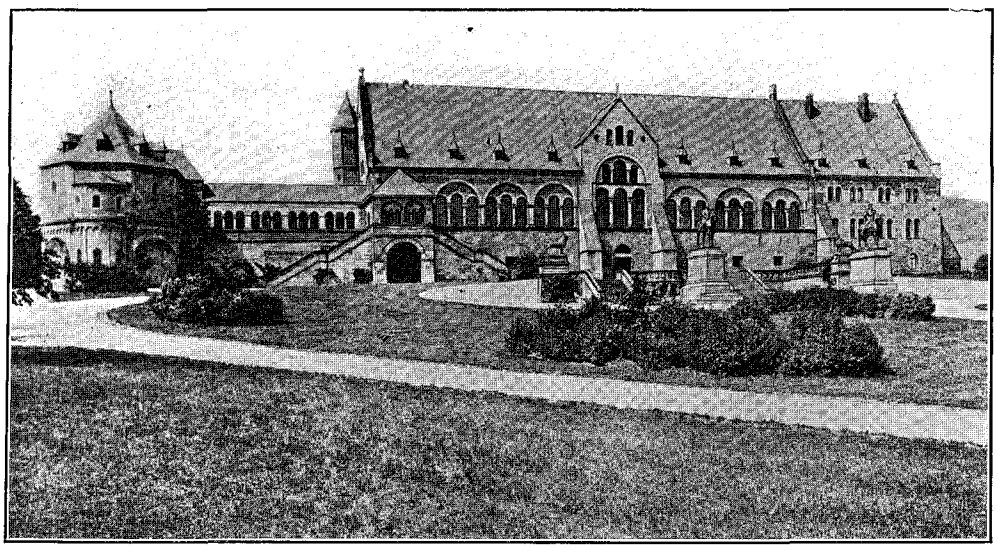

BARBAROSSA'S PALACE IN THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS

single word "Mahlzeit," which every one utters upon sitting down. But later an elderly gentleman of gossiping tendency regaled me with conversation. Siege and fire and pestilence, it seems, are common factors in the history of most of these Hartz towns, and the names of such generals as Tilly, Merode and Pappenheim are still spoken with dread in the mountains. They sing songs now in Germany about "the jolly Pappenheimers," but these rollicking blades had a way of encamping round a town and demanding forty thousand thalers or promising, as an alternative, ruin and utter destruction. My new acquaintance told me various legends of bygone Osterodeans who could cast spells, and in particular of an ancient headsman of this city.

"Once," said the old man, "on a Saturday night a thief was stealing cabbages from the headsman's kitchen garden. Just as the rogue was scaling the wall to escape with his plunder the headsman fixed him with a spell upon that wall until the Sunday morning, when good folk were on their way to church. There hung the thief with his cabbages in sight of all. The *Scharfrichter,* who had put so many others out of misery, laughingly then presented him with a pig's head and said, 'Take this as well, for it is a poor stew without meat,' and so released him."

Before leaving Osterode I sent a variety of objects back to Göttingen. No rare curios these, culled by the wayside, but things that yesterday I had deemed indispensable—the half of a pair of hair brushes, a tin of tobacco, some clothing, books, and rolls of films. As I strapped on my knapsack I laughed aloud for joy, so light seemed my load compared with yesterday.

The rain had ceased suddenly and the sun began to shed a tender hazy light upon the ancient ruin of Osterode castle, toward which I was now marching. So far back as the sixteenth century this abode of the dowagers of Grubenhagen was already abandoned, and Heine, when he passed by it, saw only a round tower standing. Only half of that tower remains to-day. Weeds and rank grasses grow thick upon the site; creepers pierce the clefts among the stones and worm their way among the corpse-like remains of bygone grandeur, completing the picture of desolation. The owl's hooting is heard from the dead grey tower, and the country people tell many a legend of this ruin. Heine wrote one of his most beautiful ballads upon it:

Gras bedeckt jetzt den Turnierplatz
Wo gekämpft der stolze Mann
Der die besten überwunden
Und des Kampfes Preis gewann.

I walked briskly along a green turf

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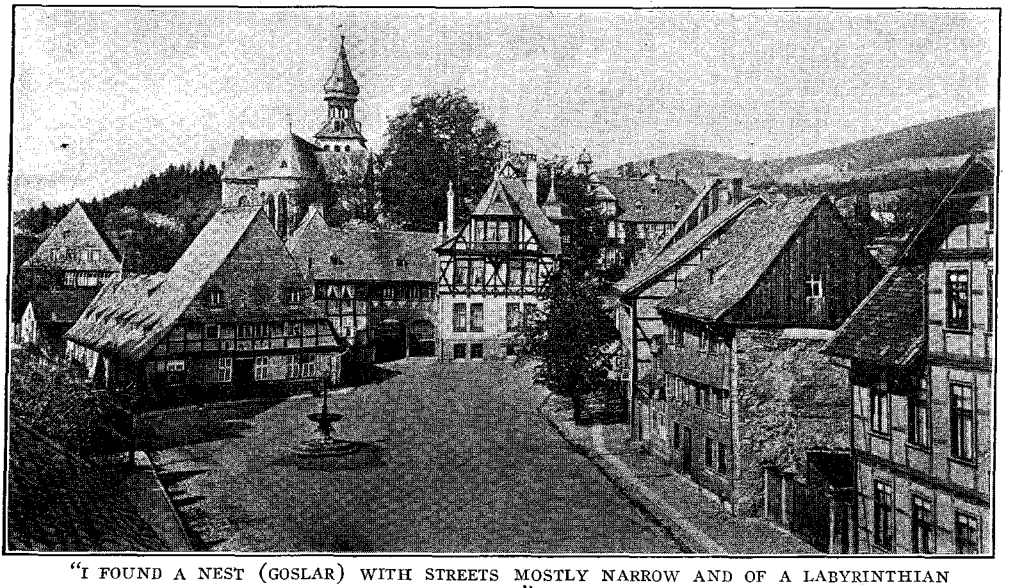
footpath beside the great Hartz road and the deep tenebrous forest of pine and cedar seemed to take me to its bosom and soothe me with its rich and brooding silences. At almost regular intervals new hills, dark and pine-crested, swung into view with a kind of rhythmic majesty, and I seemed to experience the effect of wonderful strains of music crashing heavenward. Perfect stillness hung over road and forest. I slackened my pace to drink in the beauty I had so long waited for. Happy thoughts flitted through my brain as I drank in the balmy pine-laden air.



"I FOUND A NEST (GOSLAR) WITH STREETS MOSTLY NARROW AND OF A LABYRINTHIAN CROOKEDNESS."—HEINE.

Golden rays of sunlight filtered through the verdure and fell in bright patches everywhere. The road kept winding upward through the dusky woods, with here and there an open glade sloping away. From the hollow of one of these open spaces along the road a strange murmurous music, the like of which I had never heard before, came creeping up to the road above and seemed to envelop the traveller like some sweet seductive perfume. Far below me a herd of milch-cows was grazing, and I could scarcely believe that the bells of the herd were making the rich, satisfying music that seemed nature's own peculiar psalmody.

I ran down the slope to the bottom of the glade and a wolf-hound came baying toward me. "Spitz! Spitz!" some one cried below, and the dog turned tail and ran to his master, an elderly, grey-haired man in a fustian tunic, gaitered to the knees, who lay stretched in the luxuriant grass, surrounded by his tuneful herd. I gave him good-day, unstrapped my knapsack and sat down beside him, wondering whether he knew what a delectable way of life was his. We chatted of many things, and after his first shyness before the stranger had passed, this man of seventy told me to the tune of the woodland bells the tale of the Hübich Rock, which was near to the town of Grund, somewhere on our left.

"That rock," he began, as though he were telling me history, "was much higher than it is now. In the Thirty Years' War it was truncated by cannon. So tall was it in ancient days that no one could climb to the top. A forester's son, however, succeeded one day in climbing to the very peak, and great was his delight at this achievement. But Hübich, King of the Pygmies, who lived under the rock, resented such effrontery and resolved that the young man should die. By his magic power he made it impossible for the youth to descend, and it seemed the wild boy was doomed to starve to death on

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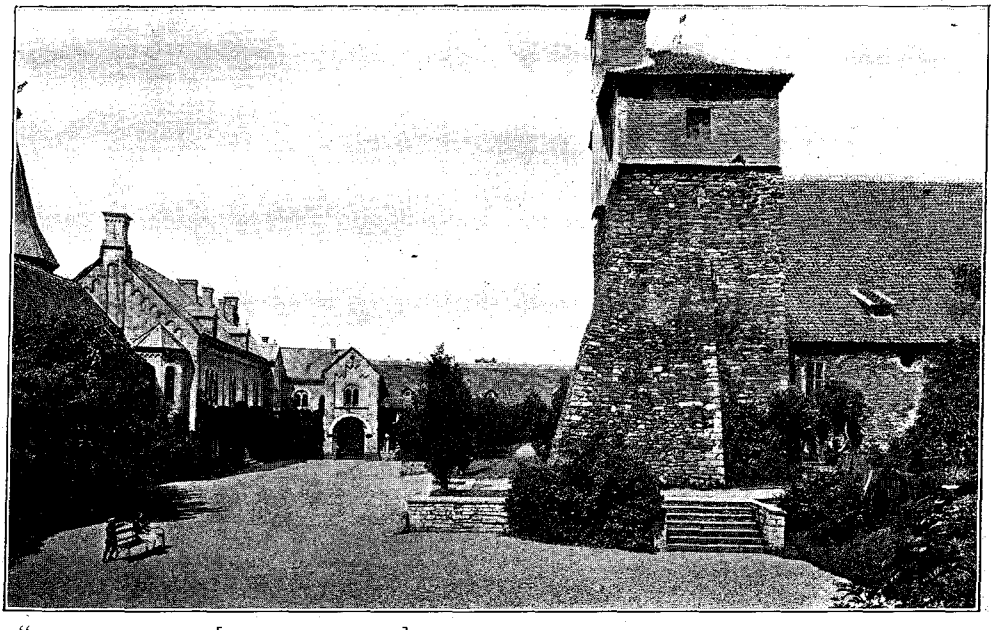
the top of the rock. His father the forester came and the young man begged him to shoot him and so release him from the torture of death by starvation. But this the Hübich King, touched by the father's suffering, would not permit. Just as the old forester aimed his piece at the son lightning flashed, crash after crash of thunder rent the forest stillness, and a violent rain-storm made shooting impossible. Hübich, moved to mercy, took the young man into the dim recesses of his underground realm, gave him silver in abundance and much gold, made him promise never again to climb the great rock and sent him home rejoicing."

The way to Lerbach continued to be an avenue of wonderful beauty and verdure. It seemed as though Nature had assembled every fair spot she possessed for a proud exhibit in this place. Afterward she would no doubt disperse those treasures to the humbler regions, all whose pride and glory they were.

Before Lerbach I met an old Albino woman bent double by a huge basket on her back; yet she walked briskly, knitting a stocking as she went. With her wrinkled, ashey-white face and pinkish eyes she was probably the ugliest of her sex hereabouts. But when I gave her good-day and asked her whether she would like to be photographed, she mumbled:

"No; for that would bring upon me the evil eye."

Lerbach's population is largely made up of Albinos, whom their neighbours call "white blackamoors." There is much intermarriage here, everybody is related to everybody else, and many children are born crippled and deformed. The defective children are thought to be changelings inflicted on parents by malevolent pygmies.



". . . AS I STOOD [UPON ILSENSTEIN] LOST IN THOUGHT, . . . I SAW THE RED TILE ROOFS OF ILSENBURG BEGINNING TO DANCE BEFORE ME."—HEINE

Above Lerbach the way lies through noble forests of pine and cedar and beech, and they seem to be constantly murmuring of a blissful, beautiful place that passeth understanding. As the venerable heads of those magnificent giant trees swayed from side to side, gently, rhythmically, they all seemed to be giving a stately greeting to the wayfarer. Now and again I heard the sound of an axe from the depth of the wood, but in the road I was solitary, for this is not the highway touristry.

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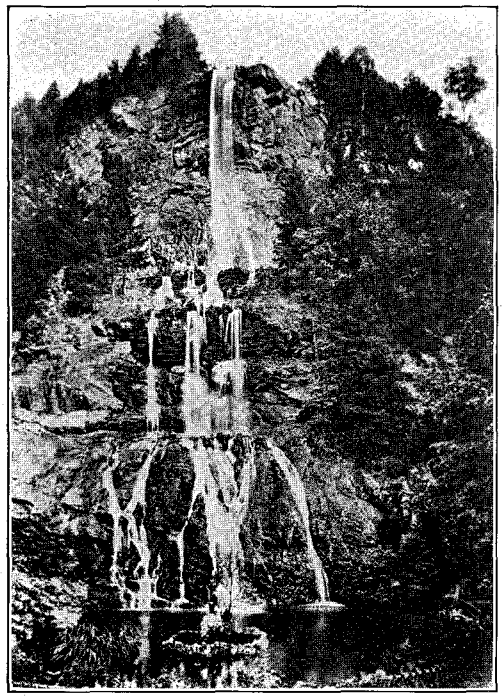

"UND SO LIEBLICH RAUSCHEN DREIN
WASSERFALL UND TANNENBÄUME . . ."
—HEINE.

Now and then I paused and looked back with a growing wonder upon the opulent landscape of hill and dale, forest and glade, that lay spread out below me. With a kind of tenderness I gazed upon the fair and placid scene drenched in soft, golden sunlight, quite forgetting the toil that many a steep piece of road had cost me; just as in life, once the first fever of youth is past, you look back yearningly upon the dear days that are no more and the happy memories they hold, forgetting that pain was there as well as pleasure.

At the forest tavern of the Heiligenstock, which stands upon the site of an ancient chapel for travellers, some rough woodsmen were drinking at a table by the roadside and making the forest ring with their loud, troll-like laughter. The reason for their jests and demeanour I soon found to be a well-dressed solitary lady, young and pretty, who was the sole occupant of the post coach that had halted before the tavern. The horses were being baited and the postillions themselves were taking a snack of something, but the lady herself remained in the depth of the great yellow coach, which had drawn up near to the woodmen.

I continued my way through the forest, past Buntenbock, a maroon-roofed village, and Ziegelhütte, a solitary summer hotel standing by the roadside, intent upon reaching Klausthal before the threatening rainfall. A spattering of drops, however, overtook me and I sought protection by entering the great forest and walking under the shade of the towering pine tops. The bit of rain soon took off, but I continued to walk on the dry needles among the pines, which gave me an indescribable thrill of adventure. That "probably arboreal" ancestor of ours was doubtless delighted to come into his own again to flit in and out among the great giants of the forest, ancient scene of his life's conflict.

The clouds lifted for a brief space and as I emerged from the forest to the open road again I beheld, far and dim on my right, a peak that rose above the circling hills. A young man and a girl with cloaks over their heads were standing by the roadside and gazing from out of their tent-like garments to the distant hilltops.

"That," they said both together, in somewhat awestruck tones, "that is the Brocken." This was a Pisgah sight that had not been vouchsafed to Heine; at all events, he makes no mention of it. The way I was going the Brocken was still several days' journey. By railway the distance could, of course, be made in a few hours. But the railway was wholly absent from my calculations. I had become a pedestrian and measured all distances accordingly. The Brocken at that moment seemed to me remote as Mecca.

Klausthal suddenly rose before me at one leap. Such is the shape of the country that you see nothing of Klausthal until you actually stand before it. Heine had the same experience, although he entered the town at high noon.

At the Golden Crown, which I entered at dusk, a mild, blond young man received me and gave me a room bedecked with profusion of royal purple. It was the most expensive room in the house, but apologetically he informed me that he had no other. It was four marks the

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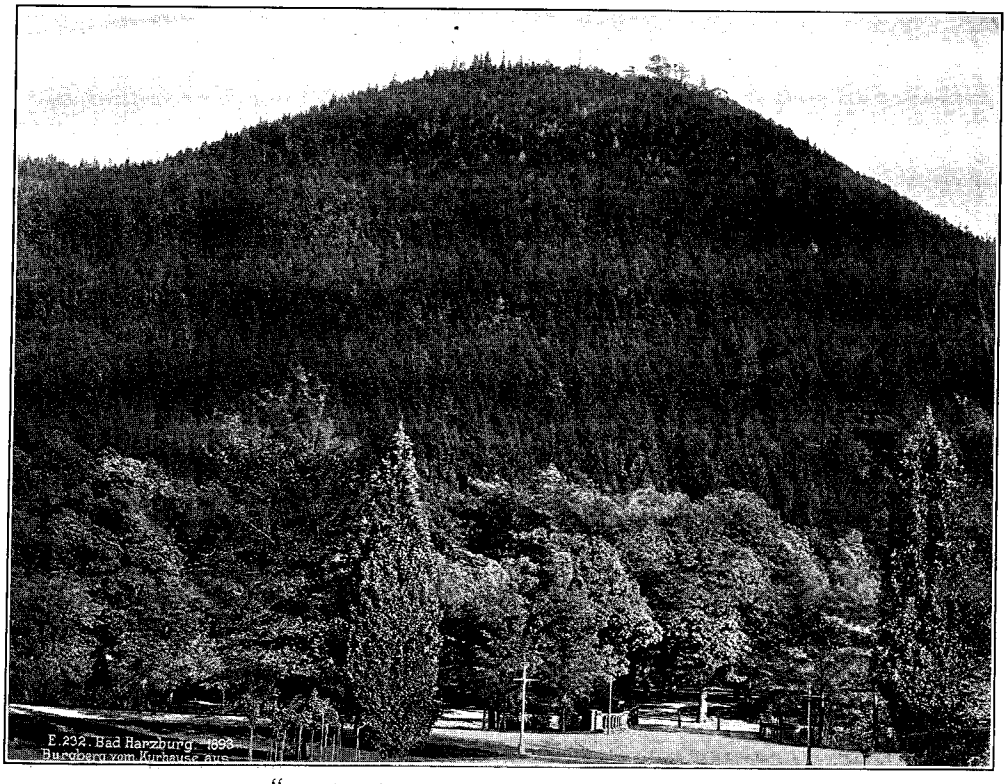
night, inclusive of breakfast. By way of mitigation he informed me that his Imperial Majesty William II, when he, in his younger days, had made his Hartz tour, occupied the selfsame room, and for that occasion it was decorated. "Heine, too," he added, "slept in this apartment." I took the room without a murmur.

The bland young waiter of the silken moustache hovered about me for a space with an indescribable air of friendly detachment. He was the image of a young German duke I had once seen in a Paris café. With his remote air he theorised in murmurous, apologetic tones concerning the colour scheme of the room. Majesty, he said, found no difficulty in sleeping here soundly, despite the fact that red is not a restful colour.

In the dining-room I sat down at the large table in the middle, and scarcely had I done so when a party of three entered and took places near me—a middle-aged man, his wife and daughter. My eyes did not linger long on the rubicund, bearded features of the gentleman, nor yet on the well-fed, placid countenance of the wife. For in the face of the daughter I instantly beheld something pleasantly familiar—in a flash I knew: she was my lady of the diligence. She smiled faintly, I thought, as she pronounced, in one voice with her parents, the courteous dissyllable "Mahlzeit" and sat down opposite me. Short though my wanderings had been thus far, I nevertheless experienced in some degree the exile's pleasure on seeing a face not wholly strange. My solitary pilgrimage was purely voluntary, long-awaited and painted by fancy in the colours of the rainbow. But such is human nature that I had a thrill of pleasure upon beholding some one I had seen before. In actual exile I suppose not only every familiar face, but every stock and stone fills the heart with endless tender yearning. As



"I SHALL CLIMB THE HIGHEST HILLTOPS,
LAUGHINGLY LOOK DOWN UPON YOU."
—HEINE

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Cacciaguida foretold to Dante in Paradise:

Tu lascerai ogni cosa diletta,

for all things are dear when you are forced to leave them.

"You are, I see, a stranger in these parts," said the girl's father. "I do not suppose they have such mountains in England." He took me for an Englishman. My pride was humbled. Hitherto the simpler people I had met believed that I was a native of some part of Germany not their own, at least until I told them otherwise. But the educated man detected me at once by my speech. When I told him, however, that I was come all the way from America to look upon the Hartz and to wander up and down in it, he and his ladies became alive with interest and friendliness.

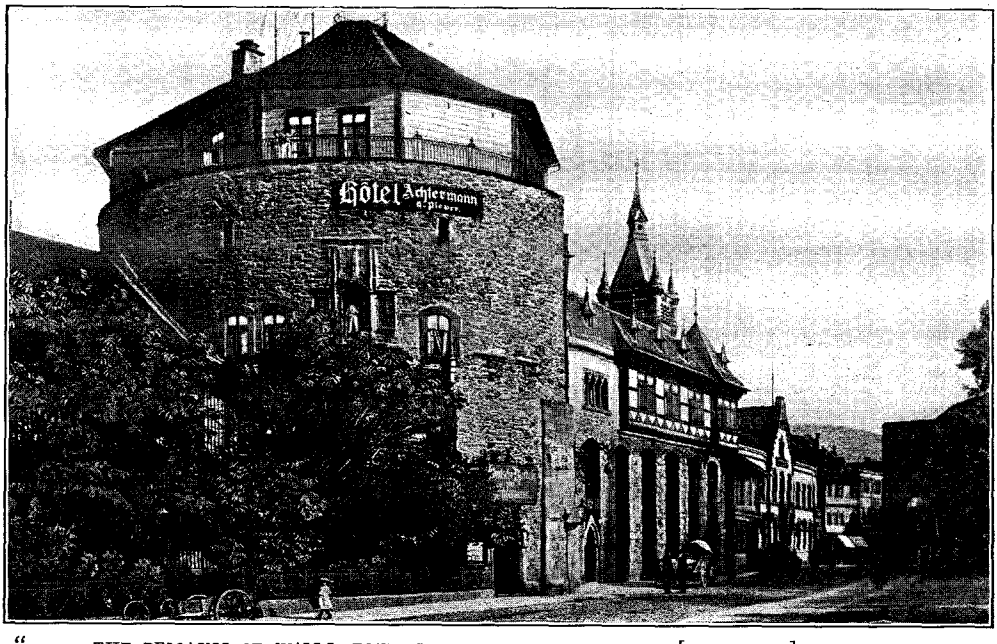
"Ach, America!" exclaimed the wife in astonished tones, "but that is wonderful." And the daughter cried:

"What a Klotz (log) I am! I should never have known the Herr was not a German. Will you not tell us about America?" she begged with a very pretty manner.

"As you probably know," I told her, "we are all savages and cowboys and Indians there, little better than wild Apaches or Mohawks. But with all that, we make prodigious sums of money every day."

"The Herr thinks we are peasants, papa," she pouted, "and that we should believe all that nonsense." The parents smiled upon their handsome daughter.

"At all events I believe that nonsense," I pursued, "and that is why I did not allow a certain American to-day to take passage in a mail coach that held a beautiful lady as sole passenger—despite his inclinations."



". . . THE REMAINS OF WALLS, TOWERS, . . . GIVE THE CITY [OF GOSLAR] SOMETHING OF A PIQUANCY."—HEINE

At this they all laughed heartily.

"Now you see, daughter," said the mother earnestly, "nothing passes unnoticed in this world. I told her," turning to me, "that it would not be seemly for her to travel alone from Osterode to Klausthal. But she insisted on being left behind to stay with a sick school friend."

The talk became general and soon the landlord, a man of seventy, with a strong face, erect and soldierly of bearing, sat down with us and pleasantly remarked

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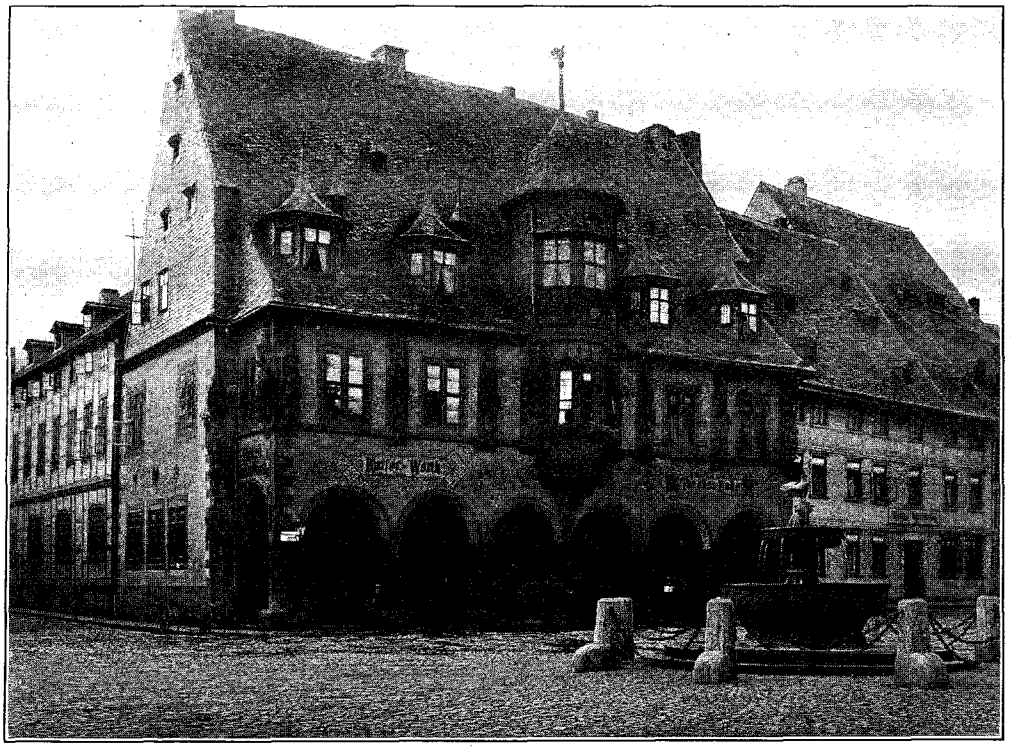
that if walking be our plan he feared we should have a wet road to-morrow.

"Come wet, come dry, we shall walk, nevertheless," answered the father of the Fräulein; then, with a glance at his daughter, he added, "we do not like to travel in mail coaches." She blushed and we all smiled. It seemed very grateful to a lonely stranger like myself to have that bit of old Grouse-in-the-gun-room humour between him and this pleas-



"FOLK SAY THE DEVIL PUT THIS [FOUNTAIN] IN THE MARKET PLACE ONE NIGHT."—HEINE

ant family, Hartz pedestrians like himself. The landlord volubly went on to tell us about the city of Klausthal, of which he seemed very proud. The father of the young lady he deferentially addressed by the title of "Herr Geheimrath," which showed that I was in distinguished company; and, indeed, as I afterward found, Herr Geheimrath Hoppe was a Privy Councillor to the King of Saxony.

Numerous were the legends the old landlord told us that night. There was the tale of the Venetian overseer of a Klausthal mine who walked all the way to Venice underground, taking with him a Klausthal citizen who did not reappear until centuries had passed. We heard many legends of the Devil, whom almost anybody, apparently, at least in Klausthal, can summon by the simplest of means. Of two miners who worked together, one brought a book with him and read it in the depths of the mine until the Devil came. He looked at them and vanished. But when the second miner tried the same trick the Devil reappeared and threatened to take his life unless he could read the same page backward. Luckily the miner could and so escaped. Just as Charles Lamb could have written Shakespeare's plays "if only he had the mind," so, in Klausthal, apparently anybody can conjure up the Devil if he but has the inclination. Indeed, we seemed almost to feel his impending presence the while our host spun his genial yarns.

"I never thought," Fräulein Hoppe broke in joyously, "that the Devil was so much of a household pet in Klausthal."

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We all laughed. The landlord smiled indulgently and replied, not without gravity:

"He is well known to most of us."

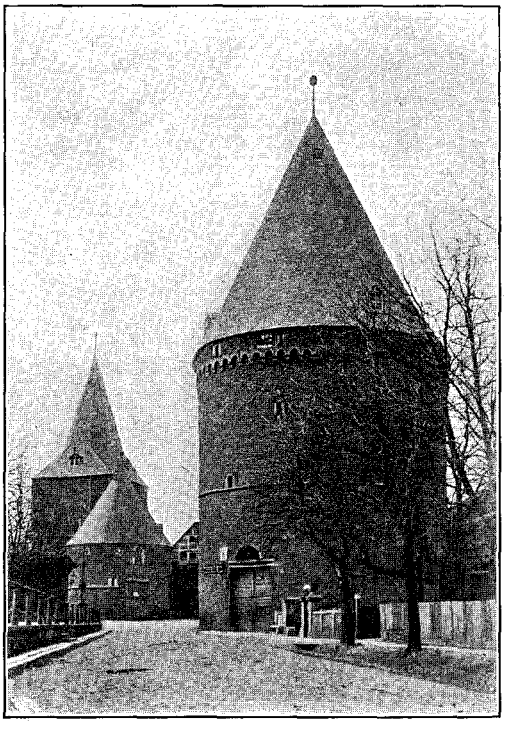
When the party broke up for the night we, who a few hours ago met in the hallways with the enveloping silences of strangers, were now almost like a family party, cheerily commenting on the agreeable evening and bidding one another good-night.

"What," asked Fräulein Hoppe gaily, "think you of our German old wives' tales?"

"Old wives' tales," said I, "and young wives' faces—both are very pretty and interesting." She gave me a comical look.

I pitied William of Hohenzollern, who, now that he is Emperor, cannot repeat the journey he made in the careless days of his youth. Willingly, I knew, would he sleep again in the purple bed that once was his, but which now tendered me its luxuries, if only he could leave his cares behind. I thought of the Brocken, my goal, as the rain whipped incessantly upon the panes and swiftly I sank into the sleep that fears no waking.

Henry James Forman.



"THE ZWINGER . . . HAS WALLS SO THICK THAT WHOLE ROOMS HAVE BEEN HEWN OUT OF THEM."—HEINE

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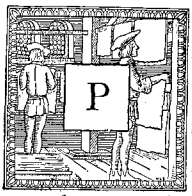
SELLING NOVELS BY PSYCHOLOGY



PSYCHOLOGY in its possible relation to everything from crime to trade has been discussed pro and con during the past year in the prints. It has been worked literally to an abstract death—abstract, because in almost all of these treatises little of actual relationship has been chronicled. When, therefore, there is divulged the fact of a quite intelligible application of the science to one branch of trade, and when the results of this application have been proved to be dollars and cents, rather than less concrete deductions, a further exposition of the subject takes on less an air of carrying additional scientific coals to an already theory-overstacked Newcastle.

Not long ago the present writer, in conversation with men interested in the sale of literature on the railway trains, learned that, for some time, the "book butchers" had been making a practical psychological test in conjunction with the disposition of their wares. To be sure, the word "psychology" is not their word. They call it "human nature"—but, analysed fundamentally, the study that the "book butchers" have made of "human nature" is little less than the application of a very interesting form of psychology to their particular element of trade. In other words, the men who sell novels on the trains are selling many of them by psychology. As to quibbling over the latter word, the reader may decide for himself after he has read the illustrations set down herein.

In the first place, as every train traveller knows, the "book butcher," in the great majority of cases, has very little time in which to dispose of his wares. He must, in short, do the bulk of his selling, if at all, just before the train gets under way. He appears at one end of a car, takes in the situation at a glance, proclaims the fact that he has books for sale, and then, walking slowly down the aisle between the seats, seeks to interest passengers in this or that novel. Obviously—and by way of getting to the point more quickly—he could not interest the average middle-aged masculine passenger in a novel written in the suffragette key any more than he could hope to interest the average woman passenger in, let us say, a baseball novel. The "book butcher" knows this well. He knows, too, that if he makes one misstep, if he offers the wrong sort of novel to the wrong sort of passenger, he has lost a possible customer in that particular passenger, for the trip in point at least. Inversely, the train salesman appreciates the fact that his sales will be commensurate with the special and concrete appeal he can make to the greatest number of persons in the car. And he has about ten minutes, at most, in which to act.

This is the situation. Time and practice—and experience—have brought about the result. The result is selling novels on trains by what would be termed colloquially as "sizing up," but what may be termed, it seems fairly, as psychology. In support of this there is quoted verbatim the statement recently made to the present writer by one of the salesmen. "If it weren't for what may be called psychology just as well as anything else, I suppose," he said, "you can take it for granted a train 'book butcher' wouldn't be able to sell three novels a day. This is the way we work, and I'll talk about my own way so you can get a quick idea of what I mean. When I enter the car I run my eyes slowly over the seats, take in the passengers with a general sweep, eliminate the so-called 'hopeless' ones—those who look too cheap to buy novels—and then, as quickly as I can, group those remaining in my mind's eye. I then start down the aisle. The first passenger I approach, let us say, is a young lady about twenty-two years old, well dressed, who, I have observed, has been apparently looking out of the window, but who, in reality, as I have come to know in the years of my work, has been catching the reflection of her face on the plate glass. Darkness, you know, assisted by interior light, makes the train windows mirror-like. The young lady, then, is slightly vain. And I offer her—not *Little Sister Snow* or *Lords of High Decision* or

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The Goose Girl—but *When a Man Marries*. And, often, she buys it. Why? Because, being sentimentally young and eager to look her best, she buys the novel for its title, knowing nothing about its contents. She figures that the novel has to do with the sort of woman a man loves and marries; she thinks it may contain a helpful suggestion or two by which she can profit, and she wants it. The next passenger is a grumpy, middle-aged man. I note that he is looking over the financial page of an evening newspaper very studiously, and, taking advantage of his particular interest at the moment, I lay a Wall Street novel beside him. I do not say a word, but walk on to the next passenger. I know the man will feel the book slide down next to him; I feel sure, when he has studied the quotations he is after, he will look at it; and I know the title will catch his eye—*Samson Rock of Wall Street*, or whatever it chances to be. And, by what you may call, thank you, yes—'association of thought,' I sell that man the novel three or four times out of five. The next passenger, let us say, is a young fellow, well dressed and 'collegey.' Without psychology, I would probably offer him a novel dealing with athletics—a football story, a baseball or rowing story. You would say that yourself, wouldn't you? But I know better. I have seen him fool with his finger nails, polishing them, and so on. I have caught the general exactness in the part in his hair, of his necktie and well-shined shoes. I give him a novel with a pretty girl on the cover. 'One like her,' I tell him, 'had the seat you're sitting in on yesterday's trip.' He's in love, evidently, and he buys the book. The title? It doesn't matter in the least."

The "book butcher" continued down the aisle in his conversation, pointing out how he approached each passenger and how, in the manner outlined, he tried to insinuate his novels into their pocketbooks. He pointed out that the day of throwing any novel in any seat regardless of the character of book or passenger had passed several years ago and that, where still practised, it netted small returns. "The passenger's nature," he said, "must be analysed before the novel is handed to him. He most often hasn't thought of buying a novel—probably doesn't want one—so you must take advantage of his actions or attitude as you approach him. The man reading the Wall Street edition of the newspaper is an illustration of what I mean."

A man of long experience in the selling of novels on trains has added to what the former "book butcher" said by assuring the present chronicler that the oft-repeated argument that young girls uniformly want sentimental stories and that men want "problem" stories is based on tastes of a bygone day. "A book butcher who goes on that theory, without studying the individuals themselves, would not hold his position for more than a week," he says. "The proposition," explains this second psychological book seller, "is this. You have a passenger. You have a dozen novels. You have one minute to make a sale—one minute, because you must divide your short time into small bits among all the passengers. You cannot go at the customer, so to speak, in a slap-bang rush. You must first look the passenger over carefully, 'figure him out,' select the *one* novel that will make the strongest appeal to him, get that *one* novel into his hands in the subtlest way you can, and rest on your oars. Seven times out of ten you must argue to yourself in terms of the titles and covers. Always give a young lady in a lavender dress a book with a cover that will harmonize with that dress. This has been told often—and it remains true! It almost always works. Do not give middle-aged men books with 'Princes' or 'Dukes' in the title. A 'John Marvel' is plain and good enough for them. And, above all things, do not give a homely woman a novel with a feminine American Beauty on the cover. She will give it back to you before you can say Jack Robinson. She will not stand for so jarring a reminder of her own deficiency in the way of looks.

"In another line, never 'get on a passenger's nerves' by interrupting him while he is talking or reading a newspaper. Rest content by sliding the novel you want him to buy into the seat beside him. Always try to see the newspaper he is reading. You can frequently get an idea of a man's literary taste by noticing the

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character of the newspaper he prefers. If you can get a glimpse of the page he is most keenly interested in—sporting, financial, society, or whatever it may be—you have a hardly beatable point from which to work."

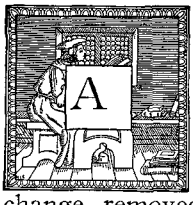
Lack of additional space precludes a further elaboration of the subject. The effort has been made, accordingly, merely to indicate the conscious or unconscious application of what you will grant may be called psychology to the sale of novels on trains by the men whose task it is to sell them.

George Jean Nathan.

BEST SELLERS OF YESTERDAY

III

ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER'S "MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK."



ABOUT the year 1880 a man who had worked as a mining and civil engineer and chemist in various parts of the West, and as a stock broker on the San Francisco Exchange, removed to New York with the determination of embarking upon a literary career. His natural inclination was for the stage, and among other scenarios that he had jotted down was one of a drama about a Corsican Vendetta. That this scenario was not worked out in the way originally planned was entirely due to a casual remark. Among Archibald Clavering Gunter's acquaintances in the city was a well-known New York man by the name of Banks, who possessed an ample fortune and whose main occupation in life seemed to be that of killing time. Mr. Banks was a member of the New York Rifle Club, and upon a memorable occasion had won for America an international match by showing himself to be absolutely devoid of nerves, and scoring bull's eye after bull's eye just as if nothing at all depended upon the accuracy of his aim. One day he fell into conversation with Mr. Gunter and the talk turned to the subject of books. "I say, Gunter," drawled Banks, "I'll bet you to save your life you couldn't put me in a book and make me interesting." Then and there the challenge was accepted, the idea of the play dropped, and Mr. Gunter began mentally to plan the story which afterward became known all over the world as *Mr. Barnes of New York.*

II

It was Mr. Gunter's first idea to call his story *A Corsican Vendetta,* the title which he had given to the projected play. He had already in mind the duel scene at the beginning of the book and the tragic chapters at the end. Mr. Banks's challenge had resulted in the introduction of a certain Thomas Jefferson, which was the original name given to the hero of the story. The first draft was written in New York. On short notice Mr. Gunter's business called him to San Francisco and he left for the West, leaving the manuscript behind. His stay in San Francisco proved much longer than he had anticipated, and being unable to get hold of the original manuscript, he began the work of writing the whole tale all over again. But try as he would he could not remember the name that he had given his hero, and chancing to meet a friend from New York by the name of Barnes while he was thinking over the matter, Mr. Thomas Jefferson became Mr. Barnes of New York. Not only the beginning and the end, but most of the other episodes of the story had been thought out long before, but the railway journey from Paris to Nice, during which Barnes starves Enid Anstruther into amiability and friendliness, grew out of the writing of that part of the book. The fine and dramatic description of the bombardment of Alexandria, with which *Mr. Potter of Texas* opens, was originally designed for *Mr. Barnes of New York.* On this subject Mr. Gunter had had information at first hand from an

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American naval officer who had watched the bombardment from the deck of the Richmond. This the author supplemented with his own knowledge of the city of Alexandria and from the most reliable newspaper accounts of the action. British officers who read *Mr. Potter of Texas* were in the habit of expressing astonishment at the accuracy of the description. But finding that it did not fit into *Mr. Barnes of New York,* Mr. Gunter saved it for the later book.

ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER

III

Mr. Barnes and his successor, Mr. Potter, represent the type of American abroad that we like to think has become extinct. It's dominant trait was irrepressible "cheek." Mr. Barnes, for example, was a crack pistol shot, and had plenty of cash, and on five minutes' acquaintance he was certain amiably to inform any stranger of both these facts. Yet he was just the hero to fit the book. His crude vigour carries along a story that is equally crude and vigorous. He is thirty years of age and has been travelling about the world with the irresponsibility of a millionaire and a certain kind of American in fiction, when chance, in the form of an invitation from an acquaintance, a

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certain Count Musso Danella, takes him to Corsica. The Count introduces Barnes to his ward, the beautiful Marina Paoli, who with her brother is the last of that ancient Corsican name. The brother, an officer in the French naval service, is expected to return at any moment, and Marina, who has been separated from him for three years, is awaiting him impatiently. The next day in Ajaccio Barnes witnesses a row between a French and an English officer, which results in a challenge for a duel, to take place the following morning at eight o'clock. Barnes, learning that the French officer is no other than young Paoli, resolves to interfere to prevent any fatality. He seeks out the seconds of the English officer, introduces himself very emphatically as "Barnes of New York," and finally persuades the English principal to promise to offer an apology. He makes, however, the fatal mistake of testing the pistols that are to be used, and explaining in just what way they are defective. At the meeting the apology is intentionally distorted by one of the English seconds to a form so grossly offensive that acceptance is impossible, and Barnes finds that all he has done is to let every one concerned know how weapons that normally aimed would be harmless for a hundred exchanges, may be made instruments of deadly destruction. The volley is fired and both men are hit. The Englishman is saved by a lucky penny and the Frenchman, apparently only badly wounded, sinks to the ground. The English officers are rowed away to their ship. Barnes, who has been educated as a surgeon, examines Paoli and finds that he is mortally hurt. Marina comes upon the scene, learns of the duel, and over the body of her brother swears the Vendetta.

IV

Book II opens in the Paris Salon a year later. The object of universal attention is a picture entitled "Murdered." Barnes, coming face to face with it, recognises it as a presentment of the duel on the beach at Ajaccio and knows that it has been painted by Marina Paoli, and that she has not forgotten her vow. But the impression that the picture makes is second to that made upon the American by an English girl whose name he soon learns to be Enid Anstruther. The impression that he makes upon her is far from being so favourable, thanks to an American cattle king whose remarks are as compromising as they are audible. But Barnes is of too stern a stuff—he is too much of the American of the Archibald Clavering Gunter novel—to be rebuffed by mere looks of disfavour, and realising that there is no time like the present he decides to strike. Learning that his divinity is bound for somewhere in the south of France, though he does not just know where, he resolves that he shall go too. Chance causes Lady Chartris, Miss Anstruther's travelling companion—fair, fat and well beyond fifty—and her children to be left behind, and Barnes finds himself alone with the lady of his hopes in a French railway compartment. The beginning of the journey is far from being auspicious. The young lady recognises him as the reprobate of the Salon, to whom the name "Faust" has been applied, and is naturally inclined to regard his advances with distinct disfavour. Barnes, repulsed at every attack, decides upon a plan of campaign that he feels sure will prove effective—he will starve her into submission. To this end he brings every resource of money and wit into play, subsidising extravagantly a knowing guard, and ordering in advance by telegraph a sumptuous repast for himself. At Dijon, where there is a stop of twenty minutes for refreshments, the genius of the inspired guard manifests itself. He opens every door but that of the compartment in which are Barnes and Miss Anstruther and then is called away to the engine.

In this way ten minutes are consumed. Finally the young lady attracts his attention and expresses her wish for something to eat. The guard, with the comment that there is still plenty of time, departs to bring the bill of fare, but returns to say that there is no printed *ménu*, and to enumerate with time-wasting deliberation a great list of possible dishes. When Miss Anstruther interrupts to say that anything will do so long as it is served quickly, he departs again, only to come back with the question, "Will Mademoiselle have it hot or cold?" Finally, just as the whistle is blowing for the train to start, he reappears followed by a boy

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bearing a huge tray laden with dishes. But at the moment Miss Anstruther's hands are expectantly outstretched the guard's foot somehow gets in front of the boy, who falls headlong on the platform, and the door of the compartment is shut and locked with the comment "Macon is the next buffet. All aboard!"

When, a few minutes later, a huge hamper for Barnes appears, and that miscreant calmly turns his attention to its contents, Miss Anstruther, after a final struggle, yields and accepts his advances and his hospitality. True, there are moments when her suspicions are aroused. She remembers the episode of the guard, and her mind is somewhat perturbed by the fact that there are in the hamper two plates, two forks, two knives, and two wineglasses, but these suspicions she wisely curbs. There is one time, however, where she asks him very pointedly if it is his habit always to travel without any luggage; to which he retorts that he sometimes carries a cane on long trips, a remark which very clearly indicates Mr. Barnes's "cheek" and resourcefulness of character. But the girl is very genuinely impressed by his thoughtfulness and chivalrous attentions, and by the time that Nice is reached, Mr. Barnes has gone a long way upon his sentimental journey.

Meanwhile, that the tragic action of the story has not been at a standstill, is indicated by the fact that they have been followed by two mysterious men who, at Dijon, had temporarily left the train to send a telegram addressed to Count Musso Danella. At Nice, Barnes soon learns the meaning of this espionage—he has been followed in the belief that he is Enid Anstruther's brother—and with this knowledge there comes with a thrill to the American the memory that the name engraved on the pistols used in the duel at Ajaccio was that of Edwin Girard Anstruther, whom he has learned is an officer in the English navy, and who a year before had written his sister a letter from the ship *Vulture,* and had mailed it in Corsica.

V

At Nice the plot moves swiftly. There are present on the scene besides Barnes, Miss Anstruther and Miss Anstruther's friends, Lady Chartris and her daughters, the sinister Count Musso Danella, to whom Marina Paoli has promised her hand when he shall have enabled her to avenge her brother's death, and Marina herself who had gone as a nurse to the English hospitals in Egypt for the purpose of tracking down the slayer only to fall desperately in love with a young English officer who has been brought back to life by her devotion and care. The name of this officer who had almost made her forget her vow, is, she confides to Barnes, Edwin Girard Anstruther. Although they never knew the name of the Englishman who shot Antonio Paoli, and Barnes has never seen Enid Anstruther's brother, the circumstantial chain is too strong for him to doubt, and Barnes, meditating in a dazed, startled way, mutters to himself "Great heavens! if these two meet; and she should ever know."

Meanwhile Barnes's love affairs are progessing favourably though not as rapidly as he had hoped. Miss Anstruther is not a girl to yield after thirty-six hours' siege, and Barnes's impetuousity has won him a few well-deserved rebuffs. The comic action is sustained by the incorrigible Miss Maud Chartris, insatiably greedy for the *marron glacés* with which Barnes liberally supplies her, and which are less in keeping with her real age than the age she is forced to assume out of deference to an exceedingly vain mother. The latter, Lady Chartris, regards Barnes somewhat askance until she learns that his sister is the socially eminent Countess of Morington, a bit of information which Barnes is only too ready to impart. When Enid Anstruther, after some more or less embarrassing complications, finally consents to become Mrs. Barnes of New York, he imparts the information to Lady Chartris and there follows a little set-to which is exceedingly characteristic of them both.

Meantime Mr. Barnes has walked up and demanded the attention of Lady Chartris, and got it, from the very depths of her soul.

"My dear madam," he opens, "would you do me a favour; just write to Lord Ferris—you know where he is at present?"

"Yes!" murmurs the matron, "he is in Nice to-day; to-morrow he will be here."

"Precisely," continues the American; "write

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to him in Nice, and incidentally mention in your letter, in a sort of casual, off-hand manner, that Enid is engaged to marry me."

"Engaged to marry *you?*" Lady Chartris repeats these words after him in a scream of astonishment.

"Yes—within two months!"

"Within two months!"

"I thought it just as well that Lord Ferris knew it, as it might save Enid some embarrassment, and that gentleman a useless journey, with disappointment at the end of it; besides it was a duty to you as Miss Anstruther's chaperon to tell you at once!"

"And Enid preferred you to a lord?" gasps Lady Chartris, for a lord is a big thing in her eyes, as her dead husband had only been a knight.

"She had that peculiar taste!"

"Very well! I presume you have enough to support her in the style in which she has been accustomed to live? You will excuse

has forgotten his weed for over 167
eight hours all on account of this
girl who would sooner starve than
accept bread at his hands.

A rustling of the paper parcel
comes from Miss Anstruther's corner,
he glaces at her. She has opened the
package, that apparently had been
full of bon-bons, and is taking from
it piece after piece of scrumpled white
paper, ~~and~~ a look of amazed disap-
pointment ~~on~~ on her face. At last
she comes to the end and draws
out two miserable gum-drops &
a card with a word or two upon it.
The gum-drops go straight to her mouth,
for even in this moment of discomfort
she is unable to resist such edible
morcels; she reads the card and
exclaims viciously "The little fiend!"
and gives one long hopless sigh that
nearly ends in a sob that makes
Barnes ~~go~~ crazy to comfort her.
But he fights it down & ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ opening his basket,
goes to eating his paté de foie-gras
with very good apetite for he now
feels sure that his divinity will

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF "MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK"

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my asking the question, but Enid is very young, and I feel responsible to her brother for her not making a mistake under my charge!"

"Certainly!" says Barnes. "You have a perfect right to be answered on that point!"

"Very well!" here Lady Chartris becomes grandly important, "What are your expectations?"

"Expectations? Ah!—Oh, of money I suppose you mean? I haven't any!"

"No expectations? And you come here to marry a girl that was the belle of the last London season; whose family is one of the oldest in England, and who might make a grand match!"

"I've something better than expectations, I've the *cash!*" says Barnes slowly.

"What is your income?" says the matron curiously.

"About sixty thousand a year!"

"*Pounds?*" almost screams Lady Chartris.

"No! only dollars, I am sorry to say; but it's enough!"

"Enough! I should say it was. Well, Burton—I suppose I must call you Burton now—you know Enid is my cousin; you've got the best girl in England and I hope you'll make her happy—Sixty thousand dollars; that's twelve thousand pounds a year—of course you'll make her happy. If I wasn't so young I'd kiss you; but it might make your *fiancée* jealous!" and she shakes his hand very cordially.

As his betrothed and Marina Paoli have become exceedingly intimate, Barnes's happiness is marred by the fear, which is almost a certainty, that his future brother-in-law is the object of the Corsican girl's projected vengeance. In order to set the last doubt at rest he starts for England in order that he may see a picture of Edwin Anstruther, the one that Enid usually carries in her locket having been maliciously abstracted by Maud Chartris. The latter young lady adds to her already long list of mischievous sins by hinting to Miss Anstruther that Marina Paoli is in love with Barnes, and stirring the English girl to jealousy. At this joint, Barnes being absent on his mission, the long absent brother appears, and between him and Marina the old love which began in the Egyptian hospital flares up into a fresh flame. Against it she struggles with all her strength; but it is too much for her, and she has made up her mind to relinquish her vow just as the message comes to her from Danella, "I have found the man! He is near us, where we can reach him! Be happy."

VI

Edwin Anstruther has known of the existence of some vow that has influenced Marina's life, but he thinks that it is of a religious nature and laughingly foils all her attempts at confession. Marina's old servant Tomasso reproaches her for having forgotten that she is a Corsican, but finally falls at her feet, whimpering in pretended submission. But with the coming of Danella, Satan enters Paradise. The Count has been to Gibraltar in search of information regarding the movements of certain English ships and certain English officers. There he fell in with Anstruther, and while he did not question directly about the duel, he gathered a great amount of circumstantial evidence—enough to lead him to build a fine plan about inviting Anstruther to Corsica for a little moufflon shooting that may have some unusual results. He returns to Nice to hear from Marina's lips that she loves another man and will marry him, and that the name of this man is Edwin Girard Anstruther. "As he glances at the name upon the card, he almost utters a cry of hideous triumph, but by a desperate effort, fights down the joy in his heart."

Formally, and with all the punctiliousness of a gentleman of the old school, Count Musso Danella gives his consent to the marriage of his ward, Marina Paoli, to Edwin Girard Anstruther of the English naval service. Furthermore, he suggests a Corsican wedding in order that he may surrender Marina's property, and make a proper settlement of accounts. It is the last favour that he asks Marina, to see her wedded from her native village, in a manner worthy of the last daughter of the Paolis—that on her nuptial day she may be a true daughter of ancient Corsica. All this Burton Barnes learns when he returns to Nice to find that Anstruther and Enid and Danella and Marina have started for the scene of the wedding, and that a telegram to himself apprising him of the turn of affairs has been suppressed by the Count. Through

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his mind there flashes the significant words that Musso used to him a few weeks before, "If we can lure him to Corsica and kill him there, Marina Paoli will be blessed by a native jury as the guardian angel of her brother's tomb." Barnes cables a warning message to Enid and then, finding that no regular steamer to Corsica will enable him to reach there in time, hires a felucca and, as they are out upon the open sea and the wind dies down cries, "Oh, God! for a little breeze to carry me to Corsica in time!"

VII

When the wedding party arrives at the Corsican port Danella's first move is to call at the telegraph office and inquire if there are any dispatches for Miss Anstruther or her brother. Finding Barnes's warning cable, he volunteers to take charge of it, and, needless to say, the American's message does not reach his *fiancée*. From the moment that she sets foot upon the island there is brought home to Marina from every side a spirit of that Corsica which, in her love, she has been endeavouring to forget. The eyes of the peasants, as she passes them on the road, light up with an ill-concealed hostility. The welcome of her own servants is forced and sullen. She is to marry one of the race who killed Antonio. But a strange change takes place the day of the wedding. Danella is subtly whispering that Marina is marrying into her husband's nation in order that some day she may be within dagger's reach of her brother's slayer. The Corsican spirit understands and approves.

With many strange ceremonies the marriage is celebrated, and the moment is ripe for the last act of Danella's vengeance. Before the eyes of the semi-savage Tomasso he thrusts a valise marked "G. A.," and contrives that this valise shall fall open revealing contents that transform Tomasso into a tiger thirsting for blood. Then the two go to the room where Marina is waiting the coming of her husband, and a little later, when Barnes arrives upon the scene, and, to his unutterable relief, finds Enid, there is borne to their ears a scream which makes the American fear that he is too late. These final chapters are the very essence of rousing old melodrama. Danella tells Marina that her husband is her brother's slayer, and lays before her proof after proof. Having convinced her to a degree that she is almost at the point of madness he leaves her with Tomasso, but returns later to witness the final achievement of his vengeance. Marina, for a moment under the spell of the Vendetta, comes to herself and turns the dagger that has been placed in her hand against Tomasso. The latter, however, overpowers her and while holding her with one hand, strikes twice through the curtains at a form which has outlined itself against them. At this moment Barnes and Enid arrive to find a mad woman bemoaning wildly the murder of her husband. But an instant later Anstruther himself appears, and Barnes, who has guessed shrewdly, draws back the curtains, revealing the body of Count Musso Danella, who had returned to his own destruction. Of course it is soon explained that the "G. A." on the valise stood for George Arthur and not Gerard Anstruther, and that Marina's husband is quite guiltless of her brother's death. Of course, with Danella out of the way, it all ends happily within a few pages, and Barnes and Enid, and Anstruther and Marina see the coast of Corsica fade away in the dusk. Enid announces her intention of marrying Barnes at once by telling her brother that in three days she is to be the happiest girl in the world. "What a curious synonym for Mrs. Barnes of New York" laughs the American. And there the book ends.

VIII

In selecting *Mr. Barnes of New York* as the subject of a paper in the "Best Sellers of Yesterday" series, the writer had in mind, less the book itself than the four stories which illustrate Mr. Gunter's work when he was at his best. The choice might as well have been *Mr. Potter of Texas* or *Miss Nobody of Nowhere* or *That Frenchman,* which unquestionably should have been entitled *Monsieur de Vernay of Paris.* Perhaps the last-named book shows Mr. Gunter's invention at its best. Monsieur de Vernay is a Gallicised Mr. Burton Barnes. Like Mr. Barnes, he has lots of cash, and if he does not possess the eminence of the American in the matter of handling firearms, that is amply compensated for by the fact that

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he is the king of wrestlers—the unknown who, with his face masked, had been setting Paris wild by the ease with which he has toppled over all the professional champions of Europe. It is in the last days of the Second Empire, and De Vernay's services to the Imperial cause have won him high recognition and favour. He scents a plot against the life of the Prince Imperial, a plot before the cunning of which the official police seem baffled and powerless, and it is about this plot that the story revolves. The conspirators are Alsatian socialists of the most extreme type, who believe that the death of the Prince Imperial will remove the ambition of Louis Napoleon, and above all, the Empress, to establish more securely the dynasty, and that this death will consequently avert the impending war between France and Germany. They design to entice the Prince Imperial into a cave in the Bois de Boulogne, in which he has been in the habit of playing, and when the plot is ripe, to fill this cave with poisonous gases. One of the arch-conspirators is the champion wrestler of Germany, and in one of the best scenes of the book he meets the Masked Man on the mat in a hall crowded by all the celebrities of Paris. Upon the body of the challenger are concealed the papers containing the details of the plot, and in the course of the fearful struggle he finds the hands of the masked wrestler feeling him over, searching, and not trying for a throw. Then he guesses; the thought comes to him that this Masked Man knows their secret, and must be badly disabled so as to make him powerless to betray or to interfere.

To any one who has ever seen Richard Mansfield in *Prince Karl* it is unnecessary to say that Mr. Gunter, who wrote that play, has humour. This humour has not always been of a very high quality; it has often been dependent upon absurd complications and misunderstandings of the customs of the country. Mr. Potter of Texas goes to a Paris café chantant and orders a drink from the modest seat which he takes far back from the performers. Becoming more and more interested in the houris on the stage, he draws nearer and nearer to the footlights, and finally precipitates a row as he finds that he is being charged more and more for each successive drink. Although this is more or less horse-play, it unquestionably amuses you immensely. Considerable humour of much the same kind is built up about the predicaments of the little detective in *That Frenchman.* But a touch of a much higher order in the same book was when one of the conspirators was waylaid in the open street by members of the secret police disguised as thugs, who wished to search his person for incriminating papers which he was known to carry. In vain the attacked man shouted: "Help!" "Police!" "Murder!" His waylayers went on with their work without interruption. Finally, gaining wit from his danger, the victim bawls out lustily, *"Vive la République!"* and in a twinkling the street is filled with zealous gendarmes.

In all of his earlier books and in most of his later ones, Mr. Gunter had one stock comic character—an undersized, inordinately conceited, monkey-like little man—usually an American Anglomaniac. The word "dude" has just been coined and had a significance which it does not have to-day. And Gussie Van Beekman of *Miss Nobody of Nowhere,* and Ollie Livingston of *Miss Dividends,* and the Anglo American cad of *Mr. Potter of Texas* were dudes. There is a variation of the character in *That Frenchman,* in the person of the little detective Microbe—he of the Mabille suit—whose gratitude to his patron De Vernay manifests itself in no uncertain way when the latter, through the cunning of Demidoff, is caught in the web of the Russian secret police.

IX

After sending the manuscript of *Mr. Barnes of New York* to half of the publishers in the United States, only to have it come back again and again accompanied by the conventional note of rejection, Mr. Gunter decided to publish it himself. Its success was as instantaneous as it was astonishing. Everywhere—in railway trains and in the deck chairs of ocean liners—the paper-covered yellow volume was to be seen. Contemporary criticism was outspoken in its praise. "Have you read *Mr. Barnes of New York?"* wrote the veteran Joe Howard. "If not, go and read it at once, and thank

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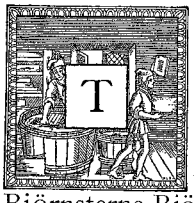
me for suggesting it. I want to be put on record as saying it is the best story of the day—the best I have read in ten years." "A capital story—most people have read it—I recommend it to all the others," wrote James Payne in the *Illustrated London News,* while another writer in the same journal characterised Marina Paoli as "a giant creation—just as strong as Fedora."

Tastes have changed. We like to think that had Mr. Gunter, in the full flood of his invention, been writing to-day, he would have produced work of equal interest and of far higher literary order. Nevertheless, it is worth while to call attention to those days of transition, nearly a quarter of a century ago, when the invariable question was "Have you read *Mr. Barnes of New York?*"

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

BJÖRNSON'S PARIS DAYS

O love, so long as love you can,
O love, so long as love you may,
The hour will come, the hour will come,
When by a grave you'll mourn some day.



THESE warning lines of Freiligrath, heavy with longing and regret, have not ceased to echo through my soul since the newspapers brought tidings of the death of Björnsterne Björnson. He spent the last months of his fading life in Paris. Often during this time I passed the hotel in the Rue Rivoli where he lived, suffered and died. I avoided mounting the stairs to his sick-room. And he left Paris in his coffin, to commence the last journey to his beloved Aulestad, without my having seen him again, living or dead.

And yet there was a time when we were on terms of familiar intercourse, united by a warm friendship, which it seemed as if nothing could sever. Still, a few unduly hot words, a fit of ill-temper, sufficed to sunder it. Was the fault mine? Was it his? It would serve no purpose to consider this now. Probably we were both too easily excited and too obstinate. So, through a momentary outburst of anger on both sides, arose a rupture which never healed, because neither he nor I would be the first to do what was necessary. My hand never again rested in his, which had so often and so warmly clasped it.

Our relations began in the autumn of 1882 and lasted more than two years. In the summer of that year Björnson had come to Paris with his wife and two little daughters (Dagny, at that time scarcely four years of age, and Bergliot, who was older) to make a long stay, and had set up housekeeping. True, it was very simple. Only the most necessary articles of furniture had been procured, and the fourth floor apartment which the family had hired in the Avenue de Niel resembled the interior of a tent in a camp. But it was a Field Marshal's tent. Madame Björnson had wonderful skill in creating an atmosphere of comfort and almost elegance from the simplest materials. A magnificent Polar bear skin, a narwhal tooth of extraordinary size, a Norwegian flag artistically draped, attracted the eye in her drawing-room and prevented it from lingering indiscreetly on the furniture and estimating its value. Where Madame Björnson ruled, no suggestion of Bohemian housekeeping, or even the idea of a temporary home, could ever arise.

Björnson sought in Paris both rest and stimulation. At that time the surges of party passion were running very high in Norway. Conservatives and Radicals were contending with the utmost bitterness, and they were on the eve of the impeachment of the ministry which was to terminate in the sentencing of the Prime Minister Selmer and the Cabinet to loss of office and forfeiture of any claim to pension. Björnson had been one of the instigators to the conflict. He felt that politics would take complete possession of him, and he did not wish to enter into

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them. Just at that instant the desire to create was seething within him with the violence of a tempest, and he wanted leisure to devote to it.

In Paris he thought he could best escape interruption and diversion. Paris itself invigorated and rejuvenated him. He was a sturdy pedestrian, and often walked about the streets for hours to become familiar with the appearance of historic places. Often he leaned a long time upon the parapets of the quays, gazing dreamily at the grey-green waters of the Seine. At the first national festival he witnessed he was as much interested as a child. He went everywhere: to a review of the troops in the morning, the fireworks in the evening, the street balls at night. On this 14th of July, as on all other days, he moved unknown through the crowd, many of whom, men as well as women, turned to gaze at his striking appearance. At that time he had no French acquaintances and he was too proud to endeavour to make them. France knew nothing about him. His works were not yet translated into French. The newspapers took no notice of him. His presence in Paris remained unobserved. Besides, French social intercourse would have been difficult and must at first have been fruitless, for he scarcely spoke the language at all, though he read it with tolerable ease. He had come to France with strong sympathies, which extended far back into the past. In 1870 he had publicly sided with France, and, with the impetuosity of his ardent temperament, collected funds for the French wounded and prisoners of war. The French Consul General in Christiania had not neglected to direct the attention of his government to this act of the author, already highly distinguished in his native land, and in the midst of its heavy anxieties it found time to express to this friend in need the gratitude of conquered and humiliated France, in the form of the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

It would have been enough merely to remind some member of the Parisian press of this to secure for him the attentions of the official and literary circles. His independence, his dignity, forbade him to set the advertising machine in motion. For years this dweller in the Avenue de Niel saw Frenchmen only in the street, and the sole Parisian with whom he came into regular contact remained, until a much later period, his concièrge.

He avoided mentioning this subject, yet he was unmistakably sensitive to the fact that Paris persistently omitted to notice his presence, and it is undoubtedly for this reason that he called the French, with their self-satisfaction and systematic neglect of foreign countries, the Chinese of Europe. On the whole, however, his feeling of friendship for France resisted his personal experiences during his first long stay in Paris, and the great deeds of French energy in history, the noble work of French intellect and science, literature and art, have never had a more honest admirer than he.

Björnson's society in Paris consisted almost exclusively of Scandinavians, principally Norwegians. The most intimate was Jonas Lie, the admirable writer, who, with his wife and children, lived permanently in Paris, except during a few weeks in the summer, spent at Berchtesgaden. Madame Asta Lie, the kind, quiet, busy little Norseland woman, with the fair hair and deep blue eyes, in whose shy, almost apprehensive manner one would never have recognised a pianiste of the first rank, gave the kindest assistance to Madame Björnson when she was establishing her Parisian household.

Another intimate friend was Fritz Thaulow, the giant, who listened willingly with a gratified smile when people commented on his striking resemblance in face and figure to the Farnesian Hercules, and who was not to win success until many years later by his wonderful pictures of calm and surging water. To this group also belonged the Dane Fich, founder and owner of the Northern Telegraph Bureau; the Finland artist Edelfelt, who in spite of his Swedish native tongue was Parisian by nature, and, beneath the Montmartre varnish, more Russian nobleman than Scandinavian; the sculptor Runeberg, son of the author of *Sayings of Ensign Stal;* also my friend, the Danish writer, Richard Kaufmann, at that time a bachelor, whose widow later became my wife, whose children were to be my step-children.

Richard Kaufmann occupied an im-

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mense studio, extending through two stories, as broad and lofty as the nave of a cathedral, and wonderfully furnished with a Gothic altar, mediæval saints in stone and wood, a church organ and other pious paraphernalia.

Here I made Björnson's acquaintance. He was one of the most striking human beings whom I have ever seen. At that time not quite fifty, he looked many years younger. Of unusual height, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, with an immense head, large hands and feet, he was a figure from the Gangu-Hrolf Saga, a Viking of Pagan times when the ancestors of the Norman-English aristocracy still had the original peasant and sea-pirate roughness, not yet refined to the type of the modern blue-blooded Englishman with the small head and narrow, long hands and feet. The lion visage—except for a slender rim of beard, framing the cheeks from the temples to the mouth—was smooth-shaven. Beneath bushy brows steel-blue eyes, bordering on grey, looked boldly forth, their keen brilliancy scarcely lessened by the glasses of gold spectacles—the true *oculi cærulei* truces of Tacitus. The mane, familiar from all portraits, bristled thick and close above the high, arched brow. The voice corresponded with the massive frame and did not disappoint, as, for instance, in the case of Bismarck. It was a deep baritone, often descending to bass notes, full, warm and strong, and when he spoke it rolled like distant thunder through the spacious studio. When he laughed, which was easily and frequently, the thunder pealed close at hand and violently, shaking doors and windows. Björnson was extremely vivacious. His language was well sustained, the rhythm varied frequently, according to the purport, energy emphasised words and sentences, vocal effects strengthened special turns of expression; it seemed as if he were addressing a large assembly and trying to convince or carry his audience. He must have been a remarkable public speaker. Those who have heard him confirm this. Besides, just at that time he had returned from a lecture tour through the United States, which from beginning to end had been a triumphal procession, and also afforded him the means to lead a care-free existence for several years. He was still full of this success and a little spoiled by it. Wherever he came he took, as it were, the chair. He did not sit; he was enthroned. He began to talk calmly, but the others soon became silent, and unconsciously, imperceptibly, he passed into the address, the authoritative diction, the dictatorial tone of the rostrum.

This occurred quite naturally, through the physical weight of his tremendous personality and the respectful withdrawal of the others.

It could not escape my attention that he liked me. Besides, he told me so plainly, with a frankness which had a tinge of royal graciousness, and was only prevented from appearing unduly condescending by his simple, almost uncouth lack of elegance. We soon became intimate. He invited me to visit him, and when I came had already spoken of me to his wife, and in a tone which, from the manner of her reception, I could not find it difficult to guess. He returned this call the next day, and from that time our intercourse was uncommonly frequent and friendly. Björnson fell into the habit of spending at least two evenings a week with me. He came toward nine o'clock and usually went about eleven, unless the conversation held him until midnight, which often happened. His wife rarely accompanied him. She did not like to leave the children alone in their apartment, in a foreign city, where they could not make themselves understood. For Bergliot spoke German well, but not French, and little Dagny did not know a word of anything except Norwegian.

Björnson always carried a costly ebony cane on whose gold head was engraved a dedication—the gift of an admirer. He entered, put it in a corner, sat down on the sofa, and did not move until he rose to go. We had soon discovered that he was especially fond of a Spanish wine, sent to me by an Andalusian friend, and a certain almond cake, the specialty of a confectioner on the Boulevard des Batignolles. He drank the first glass quite quickly, the second in little sips, very slowly, with much enjoyment. He never took more. "You discover my

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weaknesses," he said to my sister, shaking his finger at her with a smile. Yet he was grateful to her for having noticed his taste and taken it into kindly consideration.

As a rule Richard Kaufmann was also in our company, but often Björnson was with us alone. As my mother and sister did not understand Danish, only German was spoken when they were present. Björnson had thorough control of the German language; he spoke it fluently, was never at a loss for an expression, and even understood how to colour and to shade, but he did not care for correctness and blunders did not trouble him. Perhaps he did not notice them. He spoke German like a person who has learned it as an adult, in intercourse with cultivated people and from the best authors, but not according to the rules of grammar. Where the German word was dangerously near the Danish one, he unexpectedly exchanged it, and it was not always easy for a German listener to repress a smile. His wife, on the contrary, speaks the language faultlessly, though that is no wonder, since she is a niece of Jahn. Björnson's oldest son, Björn, who came to visit his parents during their stay in Paris, was at that time an actor in the Meiningers, and spoke German not only like a native, but even, when in a good humour, like a Thuringian, with a slight Saxon dialect.

I knew Björnson, when we first became acquainted, as the author of the peasant story, *Synnöve Solbakken,* and the grim, energetic drama *A Failure.* At that time his mind was beginning to be occupied with the moral and psychological problems which demanded creative form. During our evening chats many things were discussed—art, politics, ethnology, even political economy, which was not his strong point, but he always returned to the two subjects which filled his whole mind, the sex morality of the man and the mysterious phenomena of spiritual life. One evening we had a long and heated discussion on the sex problem, upon which Björnson had very decided views. From this discussion came the play *The Glove,* in which a young girl breaks her engagement with her betrothed, in spite of an ardent love for him, because she discovers that he has not an unsullied past.

In the piece a physician is introduced, an experienced, worldly-wise man, highly cultivated, somewhat sceptical, very indulgent, universally kindly, who desired to bring the obstinate little moralist to reason. This personage Björnson, in remembrance of our conversations on the subject, named for me.

When the author showed me the manuscript, and I saw my name in the list of characters, I earnestly entreated him to give his physician another one. He did so reluctantly and incompletely. He made Nordau, Nordan, and the doctor in *The Glove* bears this cognomen to the present day. Nordan means, in a poetic form of expression in Norwegian, the north wind, "and there is something of your nature in it," said Björnson, smiling.

The other subject which fully enthralled him when he had written his soul free from *The Glove* was the dark sides of spiritual life, the wide, dusky region of sub-consciousness, hystero-epilepsy, hypnotism, suggestion, which at that period was also the central point of my own studies. He never wearied in discussing these questions with me. I could never tell him enough about them. I made him acquainted with the literature of these themes, then very scanty, especially the works of Braid and Liebault. I took him to the Salpétrière, to Charcot, who was friendly to me and had recently been my "président de thèse." I made him acquainted with my poor friend and colleague, Gilles de la Tourette, the director of the Charcot clinic, who was afterwards to die a madman. He went with me several times to the Tuesday clinics, which were especially well attended. He understood nothing of the explanations, but he saw those who were ill with nervous diseases brought in, and watched with passionate interest the experiments made upon them. The impressions received he used in the mystical drama *Over Aevne,* in which a devout pastor prays his hysterically paralysed wife well and believes he has wrought a miracle. When the piece was finished he read it aloud to me.

I did not fail to appreciate its poetic beauties, but could not help shaking my head over it. I was to seek a suitable

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German version of the title. This cost me much racking of my brains. I proposed in succession *Beyond Understanding, Beyond Capacity, Beyond Power,* but none of these expressions fully satisfied me and sufficiently coincided with the Danish *Aevne.* For lack of a better word, Björnson decided upon the latter, which has remained the German title of the piece. The author wished to have the work published in a Northern paper before its performance, in which he did not exactly have confidence, and, if possible, appear at the same time in German, and asked me to arrange this with the *Deutsche Rundschau.* I proposed the matter in a letter to Julius Rodenberg, who at first answered that the idea was extremely attractive to him, but he must leave the decision to the publisher, and a few days later, June 27, 1883, he sent the following missive from Fulda:

DEAR DOCTOR: I have just received the letter from Messrs. Paetel Brothers, in Berlin, in which they, like myself, expressed their pleasure at Björnson's complimentary offer, but differing from me, are of the opinion that a dramatic work will not suit the special purpose which we pursue with the October number. This, being the first of the new year, is our sample number, and, as such, is widely scattered beyond the circle of our subscribers and readers. If the point in question was a new story by Björnson, or if we could publish his drama in any other number, Messrs. Paetel Brothers would seize the opportunity, but the October one must contain only contributions which will please everybody's taste, and it is thought this could not be said of a dramatic work. You know, Doctor, that at first I favoured the proposition, but you will also understand that, in so important a matter, I must consider the doubts of the publisher. I hope, however, that in this purely business treatment and settlement of the question, Herr Björnson will see nothing which could in any way affect my opinion and admiration of him . . . etc.

The conclusion of the letter does not concern the matter.

Björnson noted the communication, nodded and made no comment. I perceived his deep annoyance and proposed to offer the piece to Paul Lindau for *Nord und Süd.* He thanked me, but declined. Rodenberg's refusal had wounded his sensitiveness and he gave up having *Beyond the Power* appear in German simultaneously with the original composition.

One autumn evening in 1884 Björnson again sat sipping his little glass of Spanish wine. We were talking about the North American protective duties; the author became confused in the unfamiliar province of statistics, and quoted several fantastic figures. I remarked in all innocence that they could not be correct, upon which, with incomprehensible vehemence, he flew into a passion and replied almost in a shriek: "How dare you contradict me? You forget who I am. I will not tolerate being so treated."

I was very much astonished, but remained calm and merely said: "Herr Björnson, it is not generous to adopt this tone to me under my own roof, where consideration for a guest prevents my answering in a similar way."

He turned pale, hastily seized his ebony cane and walked with long strides to the door. My sister, a horrified spectator of the scene, hurried after him, took his cane from his hand, led him to his usual seat, and begged him to calm himself.

He became quiet, sat down and remained. But the conversation did not flow as usual. We both felt that some tie between us was severed. After a very uncomfortable quarter of an hour he took his leave. It had been his last visit. We never saw each other again. Madame Björnson, to whom her husband instantly related the event, tried to effect a reconciliation. She repeatedly entreated, by letters and through friends, that I would forget what had occurred and we should again be as before. I felt that this was not enough, the invitation should not come from her; it must be from Björnson. And as it did not come, the breach remained.

Years after Björnson twice sent me from Norway new books, the woman's rights novel, *Flags Are Flying in the City and the Harbor,* and the poetical *New Stories,* with dedications in his own handwriting. I thanked him courteously. These were our only communications after the Parisian days.

Max Nordau.

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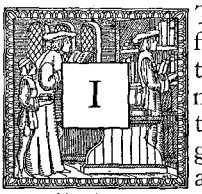
REMINISCENCES OF AN EDITOR



T is only a Westminster flat of modest dimensions the Lucys live in, and yet nowhere else is one likely to meet so many distinguished people. It was a custom for them to pencil their names on the tablecloths at luncheon or at dinner, so that the hostess could afterward stitch them in for permanence, and those tablecloths make one of the finest collections of autographs I know of. An index of them would be as comprehensive as the better part of the English *Who's Who,* combined with what is pre-eminent in the American edition of the same work. Among them are princes, littérateurs, explorers, prime ministers, Lord Chief Justices, members of the Cabinet, actors, like Wyndham, Hare and Irving; Royal Academicians, and, of course, the staff of *Punch*—Tenniel, Keene, Du Maurier and Burnand.

I need say little of the host, for he is revealed in his recently published autobiography, that vivacious story of literary vicissitude and professional and social success. Most people are in one way or another, and often in many ways, like other people. Lucy is like nobody else, except that in appearance he may recall Dickens's Tommy Traddles. He is one of the smallest of men, rubicund of complexion and crowned with a mop of tumultuous hair, white, surging and uncurbed as the crest of the sea, which knows no other combing than an occasional abstracted or distracted sweep of the fingers. He is an individual as rare and original as Mark Twain; without duplicate and of a pattern that Nature in a fastidious mood evidently decided not to repeat, another instance of Byron's lines—

> Nature formed but one such man
> And broke the die in moulding Sheridan—

a variation of another line by Ariosto.

His humour is of the twinkling kind, like Aldrich's, and like that poet's, too, it is always catching you unprepared. It is like a restless winged thing, a little tormenting but quite stingless. It comes at you unexpectedly round the corner, and if it disappears for a moment it returns and pricks you till you laugh in perceiving that nearly everything may be assuaged and brightened by it. As text it has been *Punch's* best asset for many years, and I believe, too, that the public men of England prefer a line or two of its amiable banter in the columns of that sheet, so far as mention of themselves go, to a whole column of editorial exaltation in the *Times,* or in any other paper.

However wearisome and splenetic the sittings of Parliament may be, his "essence" of the proceedings always discovers some saving and reconciling grace which heals animosities and revives patience, and without the "Member for Sark" (his imaginary constituency) the House of Commons would be as little like itself as it would be without the Speaker himself or the mace on the table. Probably no one else has so complete a knowledge of its procedure, usages and traditions, and probably no one else is to the same extent *persona grata* with all the individuals of all parties and all the factions as "Toby, M. P.," "Harry," or to give him his proper name and new title, Sir Henry W. Lucy.

A charming little lady complements him: a lady of infinite tact, friendliness and winsomeness, who is never apart from him and who participates in all he does, both work and play. When they are at sea she smilingly describes herself to her friends as "marine secretary," when in the country as "rural secretary."

They are much at home and constantly entertaining, yet you find them everywhere in society—at Marlborough House, at Windsor, when King Edward gives a garden party, at state balls, at every new play, at all the functions of the season. I am proud to have had them as friends for nearly thirty years.

For a time Lucy was editor-in-chief of the *Daily News* and used to gather at his table some of his colleagues, including the versatile Andrew Lang and Richard Whiteing. Lang ate, drank and talked, never missing the thread of con-

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versation, and wrote his article for the morrow's paper while the dinner progressed. The article was always a good one, moreover, and we, accustomed as we were to literary facility, looked upon the achievement as upon some feat by a magician which we could not explain. He never lets it be seen that he takes anything seriously. The world is a world of trifles for him, agreeable trifles or disagreeable trifles. Nothing is worth while except fishing or golf—London and all that goes on there a waste of time, to be laughed at or scorned. His attitude is one of mockery and disdain, not bitter but playful, and he makes a joke of even his own scholarship, and occasionally of the scholarship of others. Pooh! Pooh! *Qui bono?* Rubbish and rot! You listen to him wondering to what extent he is dissembling, and while you are pondering it your ears catch bits of slang like splashes of mud on fresh marble, and some one you hold in awe is spoken of as a "good-natured duffer" or as a "bloke." Then his speech returns to respectability without solemnity, and flows along in the pleasantest way like a clear and sparkling river, now deep, now rippling in the shallows. Suddenly he pauses in the middle of a sentence, and astonishes you further by drawing a tall, loose, serpentine figure upon the floor to fondle the poodle or the cat, and stretched there continues the conversation from a position which, though it may surprise the others, evokes no apology or remark from him.

Nothing matters with him. He becomes almost petulant if anything is spoken of as being difficult or imposing. "But why?" he repeats, and makes light of it.

He reminded me of a story which Gilbert Parker tells of Beerbohm Tree. When Tree was touring this country in Parker's *Seats of the Mighty,* the author took the actor to see Niagara Falls, and so arranged it that the first view should be as impressive as possible. He watched closely and eagerly, expecting an outburst of awe and rapture over the sublimity of the spectacle, and he was dumbfounded when no emotion whatever appeared in Tree's face.

"Well?" said Parker.

"Well," said Tree, *"is that all?"*

"Is that all?" frequently says Mr. Lang when others are holding their breaths over something very unusual, either admirable or in some way startling. I came from the country one night to dine with him at his house in Marloes Road, Kensington, and when he found that I had turned my back on the peace and beauty of Box Hill for that purpose he upbraided me for what he probably thought was the height of folly. Nevertheless, sitting between him and Edmund Gosse (they are very intimate and sympathetic) I had my reward in the interplay of wit, as full of sparkle and exhilaration as the wine. The scope of his knowledge is extraordinary, and he has the same facility that Sir Edwin Arnold had.

I was talking with Arnold one day as to subjects on which he might write for *The North American Review.*

"I am ashamed to say it, but I must," he sighed. "I have been in journalism so long that I can write on any subject," with strong emphasis on the "any."

It was true. I gave him many subjects during my acquaintance with him, and he never failed, various and dissimilar as they were, to develop them into just the kind of article both editor and reader are eager for. He could not be dull. He had the true journalistic instinct and capacity for lucidity, colour, animation and condensation—the art (or perhaps some may choose to call it the trick) of sufficiency without redundancy, and the projection of the essential and most significant parts of his material over the abstract and recondite. Necessity swung the whip. He who had written *The Light of Asia* could not have submitted to the toil of the "handyman" of the press without some distaste and some sense of misapplication and waste. Not even at the last did fatigue appear in his work, but while it was carefully hidden there it was pathetically visible in him. Blindness cast its darkness upon him, and a son betrayed him and defaulted, yet up to the last, cheery and courtly as ever, his pretty and devoted little Japanese wife at his elbow, he dictated what he could not write without revealing the creeping shadow of his afflictions.

Lord Chancellors and Lord Chief Justices also came to the Lucys', and I met

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Lord Russell of Killowen there as well as at his own house near the Jeunes' in Harley Street. He was quite unlike what one would have supposed him to be from his reputation at the Bar. Though an Irishman, and the first Catholic Lord Chief Justice, he looked like an English squire, and not a trace of the brogue lingered in his speech. A commanding figure, with a noble and mobile, clean-shaven face, and a clear rosy complexion, he had a rural freshness about him, and when he talked his interest in agriculture and sport confirmed the influence which assigned him to a place in the country. Ascot and the Derby, the chances of the horses and the betting on them, topics of that sort would quickly draw him out and lead him into stories of the efforts he had made and the sacrifices he had endured that he might be present at some race meeting at Chester, Newmarket or Epsom. He would confide to you, if you showed the right sort of understanding and appreciation, how once he nearly owned a Derby winner, and while he took a pinch from his snuff-box and you recovered your breath, he would look the words as plainly as if he had spoken them, "What do you say to that?" Then the theatre and plays: he was fond of them, but old-fashioned in his preferences. He knew and admired Irving, but had said to him, "You know, Irving, I like those things you used to do two hundred years ago much better than those you are doing now."

Yes, observing him without knowing him a stranger could not have been blamed for want of perspicuity if he had assumed from glimpses of him in such moods that he was a conservative and benevolent but rather "sporty" country gentleman, of more than average intelligence and education. That he, this apparently bland and ingenuous person, could be the Lord Chief Justice of England, who as Charles Russell (later Sir Charles) had been the terror of those he opposed and who in the cases of Mrs. Maybrick and Charles Stewart Parnell, not to mention scores of others, had impressed the whole world by his skill in the most ingenious and relentless cross-examination which the stubbornest of falsehood and guilt quailed under and at last confessed to, was more than perplexing.

I am speaking of him in his later years, when his age and his elevation to the Lord Chief Justiceship had, of course, imposed more restraints upon him than were necessary in the combative advocate. As Lord Chief Justice he bore himself with all the decorum and impartiality the office calls for; perhaps his composure cost him some effort, for he was naturally vehement, impatient and more or less overbearing. Mellowed by age and unprovoked, however, he became on the surface at least almost benignant, and the volcanic explosions that had burst from him as a barrister were heard from him no more. Any body would have thought him a philanthropic and confiding old gentleman, whose faith in human nature had never been disturbed. That was the impression he made on those who at the first glance did not identify him in the relaxation of social intercourse, though a fuller acquaintance was sure to reveal by and by something in his eye, a sort of probe or X-ray, which penetrated the object on which it was focussed with a perhaps startling comprehension of an unavailing reticence not intended for exposure. He himself revealed nothing of the effect on him of what he discovered, nor connoted it except by another pinch of snuff. After all, the old Charles Russell was only sheathed and subordinated in the graver and more responsible Lord Chief Justice, and he no doubt "spoke in silence" to himself with his old impatience of fraud, humbug and hypocrisy. Strong men change less than weaker ones, and concealed but not abandoned were his old weapons of inquisition, analyses and denunciation.

In his early days at the Bar his temper sometimes got the better of him, and on a memorable occasion he brought down on his head a rebuke from the court, presided over by Justice Denman, who said that before the next day he would consider what he ought to do. On the following morning both Bench and Bar were in a state of excited anticipation, and Justice Denman, entering the court with more than ordinary solemnity, began the business of the day by saying, "Mr. Russell, in my condition of sorrow and re-

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sentment yesterday I could not trust myself to take the action which seemed imperative, but since the court adjourned last evening I have had the advantage of considering with my brother Judge the painful incident, and I—" Russell was instantly on his feet, and spreading his outstretched arms with an air of superb magnanimity and pacificatory desire, said: "Yes, my Lord, and I beg that you will not say another word upon the subject, for I can honestly assure you that I have entirely and forever dismissed it from my memory"—a turning of the tables which evoked such a roar of laughter in the court that even Mr. Justice Denman and his associate had to join in it.

One night at Harley Street a girl from Cincinnati was among the guests, and for some reason or other not apparent she was very ill at ease. Perhaps it was the importance of the Lord Chief Justice that agitated her, though it is not usual for an American girl to be flustered by the eminence of the people she meets. She, the ordinary girl, will air her ideas of science to a Tyndall, her philosophy to a Spencer, her poetry to a Tennyson or her political knowledge to a Gladstone without any consciousness of fatuity, folly or impudence. When others sit and listen she unabashed will offer her own opinions with the assurance of an equal and with a staggering lack of diffidence. The girl from Cincinnati was not of that kind, however. She was more like one of those English girls who are fast disappearing in the manumission of the sex in this Age of the Suffragette—those demure, tremulous, self-effacing creatures who blush when spoken to and whose only comment on whatever may be said to them is "Fancy!" The Cincinnati girl got little further than monosyllables, and stammered over even them. When Lord Russell himself spoke to her she sank as if on the verge of collapse. His manner was gentleness itself and his handsome face smiled. He spoke of his fondness for America and of New York, which he knew well.

"Yes," she said laboriously. "New York is—fine."

"I think Fifth Avenue is the most magnificent thoroughfare in the world."

"Yes. The gardens round the houses are so beautiful, aren't they?"

It was ill-bred of me and unkind, I confess, but I could not contain myself. "Gardens round the houses in Fifth Avenue!" I exclaimed.

The hopeless look she gave me shamed me. His face did not show surprise; it was one of those faces that rarely mirror what is passing in the mind. After a moment's hesitation and beaming encouragement he replied: "The gardens in Fifth Avenue? Ah, yes, to be sure. I had almost forgotten the gardens." He pitied and ameliorated her plight as soon as he saw it. I assumed that she knew the street well enough, but that she was in such a nervous confusion, so like a person drowning, that her knowledge lapsed into illusion and her tongue wagged away from whatever intelligence she may have had when she was not distraught.

Could this be he, I asked myself again, of whose imperiousness and explosiveness I had heard so many instances?

He reserved his sympathy for the weak and the wronged. The aggressive and domineering side of his character came out not only in his encounters with crime, but also when he was offended by pretence and vulgarity. A Manchester solicitor, gold-chained, jewelled and wearing a magnificent fur coat, came into his chambers one day.

"What do you mean by coming here in a coat like that? Take it off at once, sir," Russell cried savagely. Everybody present was dismayed, but as soon as the coat was removed he plunged into the case which the solicitor had brought as if nothing unusual had happened. When he was irritated he could use pretty strong language.

Having many friends among the members, I spent a good deal of my time at the Houses of Parliament in those days, an experience that depended for its pleasure, like so many things in life, on the novelty of it. The proceedings themselves are often of less interest than what one can see in the lobbies, in the dining-room and on the Terrace. There may be no vacancy for one in the galleries, but any member can invite his friend to tea or dinner as often as he pleases, and those who are in the Cabinet and the min-

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istry have rooms of their own, up winding stairs and at the end of narrow, musty corridors, where they can entertain in privacy and without restrictions. A delightful feeling of mystery and exclusiveness envelops one in being among the chosen of those little, privileged companies, who, I am not ashamed to say, I sometimes turned to account in the editorial work I was doing.

"If you want to see anybody I'll send for him," William Woodall, who was then Financial Secretary to the War Office, used to say, and he would provide a corner in which I could discuss with possible contributors the matters I had in hand, while he engaged his other guests, fellow members of the House and people of the world of literature and art, who had dined with him earlier, in a post-prandial way. It was easier for an editor to get celebrities of the political world to write for him then than it is now. The misuse of their names and their material by sensational and unscrupulous periodicals has made them wary and suspicious of even the best. What the Kaiser blabbed in one of his loose-tongued moments and the crushing consequences of his loquacity discourage the confidential revelations in print over their own signatures of prominent men in public life.

But when Woodall sent his message the person sought usually and most obligingly came, and the business was done off-hand, or if not quite off-hand, after a little haggling. The commercial spirit holds hard and fast in many places, and I never quarrel with it or despise it when through it a man merely seeks the most he can get from sources amply qualified to provide it. I can recall how surprised the late Robert C. Winthrop of Boston was when he was told that Tennyson accepted pay for his poems and Gladstone pay for his articles. The unsophisticated old gentleman thought they sacrificed their dignity and slighted the rights of humanity in doing so, but his point of view was that of the rich amateur, who in his abundance and leisure finds sufficient reward on his occasional excursions into books and magazines in the accruing honour of what he flatters himself is a service to mankind. Tennyson drove hard bargains with his publishers, and I think it was I who awakened Mr. Gladstone to a sense of the commercial value of his articles. He had been satisfied with twenty or thirty guineas as a fee as often as he wrote for the English reviews. I was able to increase his honorarium to several times that amount, and thereby established a precedent to which henceforth he always adhered. After his first transaction with me a London editor pressed him for a contribution, and it came, but in the corner of the manuscript was pencilled, like the figures on a lawyer's brief, the inexorable price, one hundred guineas. The editor fainted, and his review, one of great merit, did not long outlast the shock. I also had a curious experience with Tennyson. He wrote some verses for us, and as soon as he had received the very substantial sum agreed on, he wrote that we had better publish them without delay, "as otherwise they might leak out." That was an ingenious way of putting it, and I had some difficulty in convincing him that if they "leaked out" before they appeared in our columns they would have very little value for us.

I do not of course mean to say that Woodall, kind and influential as he was, summoned the Gladstones, the Motleys, and the Balfours of the House to his sanctum, but lesser, though not undistinguished men answered his message by appearing, probably as a favour to him rather than as a concession to me. They were not lacking in business instinct. I have to smile now as I recall a dashing young fellow who was then at the beginning of his career, unabetted by wealth or power, and with no other advantages than his talents. He was full of energy, but gasping after his run up the stairs. He listened to my proposal with rapid comprehension. "All right! All right! I'll do it—but not for twenty guineas. Make it thirty, and it's done." Since then that business-like young man has been raised to the peerage and has had the highest office in the gift of the Crown.

This reminds me of a story the President of the Adams Express Company told me of Andrew Carnegie. Mr. Carnegie had confided to him that his first savings were invested in ten shares of that company's stock.

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"And have you got those ten shares yet?" the President asked.

"No."

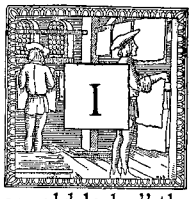
"Too bad! If you'd kept them you might have been a rich man now."

But I could not possibly say to Lord Curzon that if he had devoted himself to literature rather than to statesmanship he would be any better off than he is to-day.

William H. Rideing.

THE TATTLER

BEAUTIES WHICH ARE INEVITABLE. MAY EVE



I WAS told that some one wanted to see me.

"Who is it?" I asked.

They told me it was an old lady, who would give no name. I inquired of her appearance. "She is an old lady," they replied, "and very, very small." I think I must have guessed, for I asked no further questions. I told them to show her in.

If I could only describe to you the way she came into the room! She was so wee and so tiny, her eyes sparkled with such brilliancy, she might have been seven instead of seventy. And when she bobbed me a curtsey as she entered, I could have believed she was a fairy come from the uttermost ends of the earth to attend a christening.

There was every good reason for my belief, not the least of which was that it was May Eve. In Ireland, as you know, the folk dare not go out after dark on this eventful day. The fairies are in the fields, fairies good and bad, and heaven only knows what you may not come across if you wander through the boreens or across the hillside when once the evening has put on her mantle of grey.

Not only will you meet them in the fields, moreover; they come to your very door and milk they ask of you, and fire and water. Now, except that she asked for nothing, but rather brought a gift to me, my wee visitor might have been a fairy come out of the land beyond the edge of Time; come ten million miles to this old farmhouse which hugs itself so close to the land in the valley between the hills

For the moment I felt my heart in my throat. I had added things together so quickly in my mind that I was sure my belief was right. She was a fairy. May Eve—the very time of day when the grey mist is creeping over the meadows and the river runs *blip, blip* between the reeds; the strange and youthful glitter in her wee brown eyes, set deep in the hollows of that old and wrinkled face; and, last of all, her bobbing curtsey and the way she smiled at me as though she had a blessing in her pocket—these were the things I added so swiftly together in my mind. The result was inevitable. Undoubtedly she was a fairy. Then, see how strange the tricks life plays with you; for, whereas I had believed in fairies before, I knew now that my belief had been vain. I had only believed in the idea of them—that was all. I had only said I believed because I knew I should never see one to contradict the doubt which still lingered in my heart. That is the way most of us say our credo.

"I've brought you your travelling rug," said she, and she bobbed again.

"What travelling rug?" I asked.

And then what happened, do you think? I could hardly believe my eyes. She took from off her arm what seemed at first to me some garment, lined richly with orange-coloured sateen. My eyes grew wider in wonder as she laid it down and spread it out upon the floor.

It was a patchwork quilt!

Oh, you never did see such a galaxy of colours in all your life! Blues and reds, greens, yellows and purples—they all jostled each other for a place upon that square of orange-coloured sateen. All textures they were, too; some velvet, some silk and some brocade. It was as if the caves of Aladdin had been thrown

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open to me and I were allowed just for one moment to peep within.

But that was not all.

For when I said: "You've finished it, then?" I saw to what purpose that completion had been made. Right in the centre of all those dazzling patches was a square of purple—purple that the Emperors used to wear—and worked across in regal letters of gold there were my own initials.

I stared at them. I went down on my knees and looked close into the stitches to make sure that there was no mistake. Then I gazed up at her.

"But it's for me?" said I.

She nodded her head, and her whole face was lighted up with pride and satisfaction. She was so excited, too. Her eyes danced with excitement. You know the quaint little twisted attitudes that children get into when they are giving you a present which they have made themselves; they are half consumed with fear that you are going to laugh at them and half consumed with pride in their own handiwork. She was just like that.

Lest you do not know already, I should tell you that I had made her my pensioner as long as she lives in order to enable her to leave off work and make this patchwork quilt, whereby she might be remembered by those who slept beneath it when she had gone to sleep. But I had thought to myself, surely it will be in the family. I had wondered who would become the proud possessor of it. Imagine my amazement, then, when I realised that it was my very own.

"And you'll think of me when I'm gone, won't you, sir—when you go to bed at night?" she said.

"Think of you?" said I. "You may well call it a travelling rug. I only have to wrap this round me and, with the mere wish of it, I shall be in the land of dreams —millions and millions of miles away."

"P'raps I shall be there, too," said she, clasping her hands.

"And then we'll meet," said I.

She began folding it up with just that care which she had used in the making of it. She folded it one way.

"It's nice and warm," said she.

She doubled it another way.

"Every one of the squares is lined with sateen."

She redoubled it once more.

"And it's all padded with cotton wool."

When she said that, she stood up with her face all beaming with smiles, and she laid it in my hands.

Then I did what I had wanted to do from the very first moment I saw her. I took her little face in my hands and I kissed the soft, warm, wrinkled cheeks.

"When I was very unhappy," said I, "I used to entertain what is called a belief in fairies. Now that I know what it is to be happy, I find them. It's a very different thing."

E. Temple Thurston.

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FIVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

"Lord Glenesk and the Morning Post"*

Among the many forgotten episodes of British journalism revived in Mr. Reginald Lucas's very entertaining volume on *Lord Glenesk and the Morning Post* is the brief but remarkable career of the *Owl,* a London paper devoted to society and politics which ran its course in 1865-69. It owed its origin to the sudden determination of a group of young men to surprise and mystify the London public by a new paper under unknown editorship dealing very intimately with social affairs and state secrets. It was first conceived, according to Lord Glenesk, at a dinner party at the Crystal Palace, consisting of Evelyn Ashley, Stuart Wortley, and Lord Glenesk himself (then Algernon Borthwick), where there "was much brilliant talk."

"We all sparkled," wrote Lord Glenesk long afterward, "and I sparkled particularly, so that one of them said to me, 'This is too good to be lost. Why don't you publish it, and bring out a paper?' 'Very well, I will,' I said, and so we brought out the first copy of the *Owl.*"

A mysterious company, known as Owls, was formed, comprising besides the three men above named Lord Whamcliffe, Laurence Oliphant, Sir George Trevelyan, Sir Henry Bulwer, Knatchbull Huguessen, Sir Andrew Clarke and others. The very first issue set every one to talking and wondering who the Owls were. They were all young men in the same social set who were intimate with many persons prominent in society and politics, and who went about a good deal and took note of what they heard. Its publication was irregular; sometimes it did not appear for a fortnight. It deliberately snubbed the public, urging people not to buy it, telling them that they bought it only to be fashionable, which, of course, increased its sale.

One feature of the *Owl* was to announce engagements which we knew on good authority were likely to take place, but which had not been formally announced. So popular was the proceeding among the young ladies of the day that they frequently would not say yes to a suitor until they had seen their name coupled with his in the *Owl.*

Its fame was established by printing a mock despatch from the Emperor of the French signed by the Emperor's private secretary, which brought forth a solemn protest from the latter against the use of a false signature to give an air of *"vraisemblance"* to a *"mystification effrontée."* It distinguished itself further by absurd and purely imaginary reports of cabinet meetings and diplomatic conferences, which nevertheless disclosed a surprisingly close personal knowledge of the participants. Ashley, who was in the confidence of Palmerston and Corry, who in the confidence of Disraeli were both prominent Owls, and Borthwick himself, who was chief of them all, was well acquainted with the leading statesmen of the Continent as well as of England. Hence there was a measure of truth behind many of the burlesques. The following specimens of the *Owl's* nonsense are from the reports of the Schleswig-Holstein Conference:

. . . These preliminaries having been arranged, the members of the Conference exchanged full powers and other acts of civility; and Earl Russell took advantage of their being thus engaged to vote himself unanimously into the Chair.

After reproving the Hon. William Stuart in an undertone for winking at this, the noble Earl proceeded to state frankly that as they had met to secure the blessings of peace to the north of Europe, he would use the strongest and most abusive language against the first member of the Conference who should raise a difficulty or contradict him. . . . Lord Clarendon had been associated with him because he could speak French; . . . he did not believe anybody except himself thought him (Lord Russell) in any way qualified for the position he then held. . . . At this moment the proceedings were interrupted by Lord Clarendon, who requested to be allowed to shake hands all around.

*Lord Glenesk and the *Morning Post.* New York: John Lane and Company.

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When Lord Sefton was sent on a mission to Portugal, the *Owl* printed the following Admiralty Orders addressed to the Admiral with whom Lord Sefton was to sail:

My Lords are informed unofficially that great powers of conversation exist amongst the members of the Embassy. You will therefore for your own sake give every opportunity to the Ambassador for speaking ships, as thereby great relief will be afforded to yourself and your officers. . . .

If it should be necessary to repair the standing rigging of the ship, owing to any stays carrying away in heavy weather, you are recommended to use for purpose yarn spun by the Earl of Sefton, as by experience these have been found to be unusually long, free from any point, and have never been known to break off unexpectedly or before it was desired.

In the *Life of Delane* the *Owl* is described as "a journalistic plaything," but at times its purpose was serious enough. Like the class whom it represented, it disliked and distrusted the United States, and on one occasion declared war with this country to be inevitable, blaming the British public for "dreaming on, disbelieving in the evil day." Bismarck was one of its *bêtes noires,* and it did its best to raise suspicion against him. It took lofty ground on the subject of the decay of manners, holding forth against slang and the vapidity of fashionable conversation in a vein very familiar to present-day readers. It spared Palmerston and Clarendon but poked fun at Disraeli. Toward Lord Russell it was generally vindictive. John Bright was made to say, "As I never pretended to be a gentleman I dare say my friends will excuse any accidental lapse into good taste." To Gladstone it attributed the definition of "deputation" as "A noun of multitude signifying many but not signifying much." It had the limitations of its class and time and the whole is deservedly forgotten, but it afforded many good specimens of what was then regarded as remarkable cleverness. One unusual feature of it was that it was not based on any financial consideration whatsoever, the editors and contributors all working without pay.

The biographer of Lord Glenesk adds another to the many instances of Thackeray's snobbishness. It relates to the *Morning Post,* of which Thackeray has much to say in his writings, referring to it always as the organ of fashionable society. The author thinks it probable that Thackeray was angry because his own name was not mentioned in the *Morning Post* among those who attended evening parties, and he repeats this story, though he does not regard it as authentic:

One evening he stopped in an entrance-hall and said to the recorder of names, "I am Mr. Thackeray." The official was said to have qualified for his appointment by previous service in fashionable circles upon a humble footing, and to have believed, rightly or wrongly, that Thackeray had turned him to account. "I know you are," was the answer, "and I am Charles James Yellowplush."

Whether Thackeray was unhappy at missing his name in the *Morning Post,* or only despised those who were vexed when it happened to them, matters not; he was at all events aware of the value set upon it by common mortals as a medium for social glorification. This familiar passage shows his appreciation.

"Had Colonel Newcome read the paper that morning, he might have seen amongst what are called the fashionable announcements, the cause, perhaps, why his sister-in-law had exhibited so much anger and virtue. The *Morning Post* stated that yesterday Sir Brian and Lady Newcome had entertained at dinner His Excellency the Persian Ambassador and Buchsheesh Bey, the Right Honourable Canon Rowe, President of the Board of Control, and Lady Louisa Rowe, the Countess of Kew. . . . Afterward her Ladyship had an Assembly, which was attended by, etc., etc."

To take another instance at random: When the preposterous Major Gahagan is bragging of the catholicity of his genius, it is the *Morning Post* which he quotes as attributing his volume of poems to "Miss Gahagan."

The duties of a British editor who also happens to be a Member of Parliament may be inferred from the following account of Lord Glenesk's daily engagements while conducting the *Morning Post:*

Seldom a day that had not its public engagements; here are a few taken at random from consecutive entries: "Committee Newspaper

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Soc., 2.30; Institute of Journalists, 3; P. L. General Purposes Committee, 3; Committee Leprosy Fund, 4; Deputation Chelsea Teachers, 5; Imperial Federation League Committee, 11.30; Soc. Prevention of Cruelty to Children, 3; National Union, 7; Charity Organisation, 7; Chelsea Hospital Foundation Stone, 4.30." And with these a stream of private engagements ranging from an august dinner party to a cotillon—the latter noted as carefully as any.

This does not take into account presiding at public dinners, which could be made exceedingly profitable. One day a man called on Borthwick (Lord Glenesk) at the House of Commons and offered him five hundred pounds to preside at a dinner in support of a certain. By way of joke the editor remarked that it was rather a meagre offer, whereupon the figure was raised to one thousand pounds. Borthwick then said he would take a day to think it over, and when the man called again proposed that the amount should be raised to a thousand guineas. This was accepted, Borthwick presided at the dinner and promptly received a check for a thousand guineas, which he made over to the Newspaper Press Fund.

The "celebrated Mrs. Norton" figures in these pages as a matter of course, for no volume of mid-Victorian memoirs dealing with persons of social importance would be complete without her. Nothing is said of the old story, which *Diana of the Crossways* did so much to circulate, that she betrayed Peel's decision to repeal the Corn Laws to the London *Times* for a certain number of thousands. Since Meredith, in his preface to the third edition in 1897, declared that the story of *Diana* was to be read as fiction and that the incident as related to Mrs. Norton was a baseless calumny, less is heard of it, though it is still occasionally repeated. Borthwick met Mrs. Norton in Paris at a reception given by the Prince President to the diplomatic corps and other high officials on the eve of the *coup d'état*. The thought of some such sort of action on the part of the President or the Assembly was in every one's mind, but naturally was not made the subject of conversation. One of the ministers, however, having asked Mrs. Norton if he could not be of some service to her while she was in Paris, she replied:

"There is only one thing I wish for—to see a *coup d'état*."

"That is not in my province," he said, turning away laughingly.

The Prince President was not five feet off from the group and he must have heard the little conversation. He turned round and with his usual slow manner proceeded to quit the room for his private apartments, so quietly that not the slightest impression was made upon any one of what was going to happen in an hour.

After helping Mrs. Norton and other ladies into their carriages, I walked home in a brilliant moonlight night to my apartments and my bed. The next morning the servant woke me very early to tell me, "Rouse yourself, monsieur! There is a *coup d'état!* The troops are all moving, and all the walls are placarded with the announcement!"

Borthwick went immediately to Mrs. Norton's hotel and told her he would show her a *coup d'état*. They soon reached the Place de la Concorde and the Bridge, whence they could see the deputies arriving at the Chamber and being refused access. They passed to the Tuileries, where the troops refused to let them cross the courtyard, but Mrs. Norton's "persuasive glances" overcame the officer. "Her eyes triumphed" and he marched them across the courtyard under a military escort.

She corresponded for many years with Borthwick and some of her letters are reproduced in this volume, but like the others which have appeared from time to time are quite free from any trace of the wit or graces for which she was distinguished. She suffered under the animosity of her husband's relations and had to endure many petty slights and false rumours. On one occasion she sought Borthwick's aid in a matter of social prestige. It seems that the rumour had been circulated that she would not be received at court and that if a Mrs. Norton's name were ever announced in the press, it could not be this Mrs. Norton but the wife of another brother. To defeat this campaign of spite she writes to Borthwick asking for a notice in the *Morning Post:*

MRS. NORTON TO A. BORTHWICK

Now it is a mere nothing I would ask of you: somehow to notice my being amongst

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those who pay their respects to Her Majesty on this occasion. It is the first public reunion I shall have attended since I lost my poor Fletcher, who died just as he was appointed Secretary of Legation at Athens, and whose loss is to me irreparable. It is a "mourning" drawing-room or perhaps I would not go even now, for the world is bitter to me and blank since he went, but I have still—and I suppose while I live I shall always have—a sore feeling about those Court appearances as a matter of reputation; and that is why I write to you.

Again:

I am very much obliged to you for doing what I wished, and touched by the manner in which it was done. I am quite sure it will do all I desired outside the small circle of friends where I need no help beyond their own kindly feeling toward me. Sometimes I think it strange that I should still care what is said, but it is, as the French say, *"plus fort que moi,"* when I hear speeches such as I wrote to you reported and gossiped round.

C. M. Francis.

II

Mark Twain's Speeches*

The speeches in this volume are all very short, some of them taking up only two or three pages. Mark Twain seldom sinned against the rule of platform brevity. Short as they are, some of them are distinctly tedious, read apart from their occasion, and are not worth keeping in print. Mr. Howells says he never knew Mark Twain to fail completely in a public speech, which, however it might drag for a time, was invariably redeemed by some sally before the end. His comparative failures occurred, he thinks, on the rare occasions when Mark Twain trusted to the inspiration of the moment. Generally he "mused his words to an imaginary audience," according to Mr. Howells, and studied every word and syllable, committing them to memory by a system of mnemonics peculiar to himself, consisting of an arbitrary arrangement of things on a table—knives, forks, salt-cellars, inkstands, pens, boxes, or whatever was at hand—which stood for points and at clauses and climaxes, and were at once indelible diction and constant suggestion.

*Mark Twain's Speeches. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1910, pp. 434.

The surprise of the audience was carefully planned; surprise was what he aimed at, and when he had attained it he sat down.

Mark Twain's curiously inconsecutive manner of expressing himself, a familiar and delightful quality in his humorous writings, goes so far in his speeches that some of them are unintelligible. He must have carried his audience over these hiatuses by some oratorical or histrionic spell, missed altogether on the printed page where we can but wonder what each sentence has to do with the one before. Mr. Howells calls him a "most consummate actor," and is no doubt right in saying that when not supplemented by this art the effect of the speeches cannot be appreciated.

Nevertheless, much of Mark Twain's true quality will be found in them—especially in the lighter ones. Some of the serious speeches are as dull and ponderous as any that could well be devised for occasions of public somnolence. Here as elsewhere he is, of course, at his best when perfectly irresponsible and preposterous. Take, for example, this absurd play on the theme of the Siamese twins, when he was introducing Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley to an audience:

I am very glad to introduce these young people to you. . . . I saw them first, a great many years ago, when Mr. Barnum had them and they were fresh from Siam. The ligature was their best hold then, the literature became their best hold later, when one of them committed an indiscretion, and they had to cut the old bond to accommodate the sheriff.

In that old former time this one was Chang, that one was Eng. The sympathy existing between them was extraordinarily strong, it was so fine, so strong, so subtle, that what the one ate the other digested; when one slept, the other snored; if one sold a thing, the other scooped the usufruct. This independent and yet dependent action was observable in all the details of their daily life—I mean this quaint and arbitrary distribution of originating cause and resulting effect between the two. . . .

For instance, in moral matters Mr. Chang Riley was always dynamo, Mr. Eng Nye was always motor; for while Mr. Chang Riley had a high—in fact, an abnormally high—moral sense, he had no machinery to work it with;

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whereas Mr. Eng Nye, who hadn't any moral sense at all, and hasn't yet, was equipped with all the necessary plant for putting a noble deed or thought through, if he could get the inspiration on reasonable terms outside.

In intellectual matters, on the other hand, Mr. Eng Nye was always dynamo, Mr. Chang Riley was always motor; Mr. Eng Nye had a stately intellect, but couldn't make it go; Mr. Chang Riley hadn't, but could. That is to say that while Mr. Chang Riley couldn't think things himself, he had a marvellous natural grace in setting them down and weaving them together when his pal furnished the raw material.

Whatever else may be said of this, it is unmistakably Mark Twain's, but why preserve under his name the following passage on Queen Victoria, which is typical of much in the present volume?

You do me a high honour, indeed, in selecting me to speak of my country in this commemoration of the birthday of that noble lady whose life was consecrated to the virtues and the humanities and to the promotion of lofty ideals, and was a model upon which many a humble life was formed and made beautiful while she lived, and upon which many such lives will still be formed in the generations that are to come—a life which finds its just image in the star which falls out of its place in the sky and out of existence, but whose light still streams with unfaded lustre across the abysses of space long after its fires have been extinguished at their source.

H. B. Smith.

III

Gustav Pollak's "The Hygiene of the Soul"*

In presenting to American readers in a new form a selection from the writings of Baron von Feuchtersleben, the Austrian thinker and physician, and the philosophical forerunner of all that is most valuable and enduring in the so-called "new thought" of to-day, Mr. Gustav Pollak has successfully tried to do what Feuchtersleben himself was always careful to do in passing judgment upon the work of others; he has made clear to himself the actual relation between the author and the man. This was precisely what previous English and American versions had failed to do.

The title of the book is happily chosen. It is intended to identify the health of the soul with the laws of individual morality, but its distinctive feature is the exposition of those powers of the mind which enable the body to ward off a threatening illness. Mr. Pollak gives an outline of Feuchtersleben's career which shows how the noble maxims in the book were wrought out of a heroic life.

We are told by a capable though caustic judge of character, Grillparzer, the Austrian dramatist, that Feuchtersleben was a man who had the right to say of himself: "I have had to fight for whatever I am." And the philosopher himself speaks of *The Hygiene of the Soul* as the result of silent self-contemplation after many trials and much suffering. It was intended as a solace to himself; but it searched the soul so faithfully and prescribed such efficacious remedies for moral and spiritual disease that on its publication in 1838, when the author was only thirty-two years old, it met with immediate success. Up to 1850 no other German book except Goethe's *Werther* was so widely read.

The power of the mind and will over body and circumstances—this was the liberating doctrine taught by Feuchtersleben more than seventy years ago in the most reactionary spot in Europe, Vienna under the rule of Metternich. The personal experience of which it was the outgrowth was of a special quality. It had been nourished by the deep study of mental problems on their physical side, and at a time when great medical discoveries were being made. Feuchtersleben's attainments in this line were so marked that in 1844 he was appointed the first professor of medical psychology in the University of Vienna.

His own life struggles had driven him to probe deeply into the causes of morbid feeling. His youthful experience as a student in the Academy at Vienna had been gloomy and painful. His father was a suicide, a victim of nervous despondency, and the son, who after leaving the

*The Hygiene of the Soul. The Memoir of a Physician and Philosopher. By Gustav Pollak. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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university in 1834 had married and begun to practise medicine, was for a time in the grip of grinding poverty. Through such crucial ordeals the character of Feuchtersleben came out fine gold. His mind had been tempered into serenity, calm, hopefulness. It had attained a better and broader stoicism than that of the ancients, in that it was cheerful instead of grimly fixed. It was, moreover, deeply touched with religious emotion that imparted the hope of a future life.

Mr. Pollak has done a distinct service in giving to thoughtful readers a book well adapted to counteract the extreme views and fugitive speculations that are just now hindering the national progress of belief in the power of mind over body. Feuchtersleben's maxims are permanent contributions to the literature of power, more especially to that department of it which may be described as the literature of spiritual encouragement, for which there is evidently so much need. It is, however, a just rebuke to much of the new thought pamphleteering of to-day; it is more scientific in method and more cautious in its promises.

J. W. Russell.

IV

Mr. Chambers's "Ailsa Paige"*

In Mr. Chambers other and inferior dispensers of polite fiction may behold an example of prodigality, opposed to sneaking maxims of short-sighted prudence, but wholesome nevertheless if they would last out their time. With perhaps a score of titles standing against his name, Mr. Chambers has arrived at a condition of literary opulence that might seem to permit some restraint of his productivity. But not by restraint and a miserly doling out of his wares has he come to his present high condition; not by such cowardly means will he retain his leadership of his fellows. His reward has been proportioned on his giving, and such is the nature of his talent that the more he gives, the more apparently he has to give. With success fairly won, he has not slackened the rate of his production, nor stinted the measure of his annual offering. His newest book comes on time to the moment, and it is a book of goodly bulk, of comprehensive outline, of multitudinous and exacting detail. It may even he held that it is more than a single book—it is two. No reasonable requirement of taste is slighted. So Mr. Chambers gives us in turn a Ouidaesque romance of a desperately wicked young Adonis whose soul has been slain by cruel injustice, and a really capital story of the Civil War.

Though a rough line of demarcation between the two stories might be drawn at about page 250—the book contains five hundred pages in all—yet they are more or less mingled throughout. It is, I suspect, this gift for combining the elements of two diverse types of fiction that gives Mr. Chambers his distinction and his strong hold on the multitude. We live and read in an age which has outgrown the conventional melodrama of elder days; yet there are few of us who would not confess, if we are honest, to an occasional fondness for the pure romantic claptrap that we have banished. Out of the door we have long since chucked it, with a show of righteous contempt; but if it pushes in at the window—well, we have done our utmost. We have declared our principles; and now, let us with a clear conscience revel in the indefinable fascination of this handsome and desperately wicked young hero; let us learn if we can the terrible secret that will not allow him to offer marriage to an honest girl; let us watch him with bated breath as he gambles and cannot lose, as he tries to drink himself to death and fails, as he recklessly plunges into the maelström of battle and emerges unscathed. Let us triumph in his reformation under the holy influence of the beautiful heroine, and let us even find an interest in the inevitable misunderstanding that prolongs the ordeal and rounds the tale to its fitting climax.

All this Mr. Chambers gives us in *Ailsa Paige*. But if this were all, it would be nothing, for it would never be ours. We do not in this day keep Ouida's *Moths* on the library table, nor read *St. Elmo* in a street-car. So Mr. Chambers decks his mid-Victorian sentiment in the habiliments of 1910. In his manner he is aggressively, even ostentatiously modern.

*Ailsa Paige. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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To the ancient formula he adds a spice of sensuality at which even the boldest of our fathers' contemporaries would have gasped, and a liberal infusion of the best brand of realism. If you are careful not to be too attentive, too coldly judicial, you may read him for pages and chapters on end and never once reflect that this is really the same old stuff you used to devour surreptitiously when a child. In the particular book in hand, begin in the middle and you will discover a story of war that presents, along with the romance, much of the actual grisly horror of the battlefield. The real horror of war, one may learn now and then from a soldier, is not the gallant young officer lying dead on the deserted field, with wide eyes staring up at a mild moon, but blistered feet and dysentery and marching in the rain on muddy roads, and mangled, struggling horses and the stench of decaying flesh. Something of this side of the picture Mr. Chambers has got into his later pages, along with the more familiar, more glorious view. And under its influence, his characters, even the most hopelessly sentimental of them, assume the likeness of human beings. Philip Ormond Berkley, in spite of his highflown name and his unspeakable past, becomes almost comprehensible. So natural at times are the lineaments and movements of these persons of the melodrama, that they are lightly forgiven their betraying habit of coming together on the stage at opportune moments for the making of an effective group in tableau.

This latter portion is by all means the most carefully considered and substantial portion of the book. I would not, however, discourage a single prospective reader by implying that Mr. Chambers ever lets the romantic aspect entirely escape him. And in his generous, expansive moments he is startlingly free from the trammels of a jaded literary taste. With all the delight of meeting an old friend, one hears his hero exclaim, on page 11: "You have killed something in me. I don't know what, yet—but I think it was the best part of me." And then, on page 243, the heroine: "You have killed in me, this night—this Christmas night—something that can never again l-live in me." This is the very accent of the sentimental romance for which we yearn. Mr. Chambers deserves well of us for having fetched it back to our hand from the dark backward and abysm of time.

Burton Bancroft.

V

George Meredith's "Celt and Saxon"*

When R. L. S. died and left his *St. Ives* for another hand to complete, a melancholy sense of loss, of something precious irrevocably gone, was inevitable. There was a young man, cut off in his flower; all that he had done was forgotten in the tale of what he was yet to do. The case with Meredith is far different. More than a dozen years had passed since *The Amazing Marriage* set the seal on his career. For a decade we have been accustomed to think of him as one whose work was done. There remained no gap in the round of his achievements. Leaving behind him a product which for the display of sheer mental power and sweep is unmatched in English fiction, he could rest in the assurance that nothing more was required of him. The announcement, following his death, of an uncompleted novel, was a stimulus to curiosity, to sentiment, to the affectionate interest with which the man was regarded; there were no vain regrets to be stirred. If it proved to be in itself a gift of value, that would be so much more than had been expected. Whatever it might be, it could not break the circle of superb accomplishment which was closed years ago.

In this attitude no most ardent admirer of Meredith need fear to approach *Celt and Saxon*. Concede even that had it been completed, it would have ranked below any of the author's known works; it is yet a thing to be cherished, to be enjoyed, perhaps to furnish the Meredithian with the most effective ammunition wherewith to overwhelm the unbeliever. A report has gained circulation that this unfinished novel was not the work of Meredith's old age, but a piece begun forty years ago and abandoned as unsat-

*Celt and Saxon. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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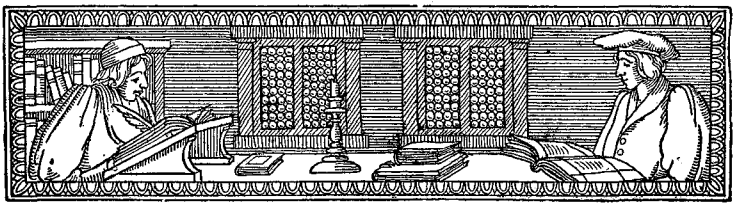
isfactory. Either way the argument is obvious. What other novelist, you will hear, ever cast aside work of such power and insight and beauty? Or, here is the vigorous, living fruit of our hero's green old age, put forth at a time of life when lesser men are in their dotage. If he was capable of this at eighty, conceive what he was at forty!

Curiously enough, both arguments find support in the evidence of the work itself. The conception of *Celt and Saxon*, which is clear enough in spite of its unfinished state, has unmistakable analogies with the work of Meredith's middle life—the period of *Sandra Belloni* and *Beauchamp's Career*. It is a racial problem that he attacks. In later life he showed himself more and more absorbed in those delicate questions which hang on the shifting status of woman in civilised society. But if the problem belongs to an earlier year, there is much in the actual writing that recalls his latest work. In style it is perhaps simpler and more direct than any of the completed books; and this is characteristic, not of Meredith's apprenticeship, but of his last years. It reveals the astounding mental vigour and suppleness which, as *The Amazing Marriage* shows, he retained to old age. There are plenty of passages in it that for amplitude of thought and brilliancy of expression may safely be placed beside anything in the novels. And the conception is suggestive of fine possibilities. However it may have turned out in the actual trial, it marks no waning of invention.

It is not easy, as it is ordinarily dangerous, to base a judgment on a fragment. Every critical habit calls for a suspension of the verdict, for a conclusion only after the whole has been seen. It is an altogether different process, I may add parenthetically, from judging a part *after* the whole is known. Yet I believe the majority of readers will agree that *Celt and Saxon* could never have been one of Meredith's great works; that he was, indeed, wise to abandon it as relatively a failure. And the reason that suggests itself for this is not a flagging of the inventive faculty, not a cessation of the old power to realise character in itself, but a subtle failure to relate the thesis of the book quite concretely to the drama through which it is to be displayed. In the great books it is not so. Sir Willoughby Patterne may be Egoism incarnate; he is none the less an authentic individual—no living person more so. In *Sandra Belloni* and *Vittoria*—which offer, it may be, the closest racial parallel—the problem springs from the characters, it is not imposed upon them.

Somewhere in this region must be sought the basis for the conviction that *Celt and Saxon* could not have been wholly a success. Devotees of the master—among whom I cheerfully range myself—may find a fresh stimulus for their admiration in the clear-eyed self-criticism that warned him of the truth and held him back from offering this book as of the best that was in him. And, granted that the critical yardstick is not to be laid upon it, it will remain, thanks to a noble spirit of humanity and the mellow richness of its expression, a document of inestimable value to the Meredithian.

Ward Clark.



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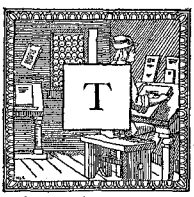
THE PARADISE OF THE LOOSE END AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*



O Mr. Henry James belongs the credit of the exceedingly happy phrase, "The novel, as largely practised in English, is the perfect paradise of the loose end." The phrase is worth remembering, because, whether the author so intended or not, it expresses in striking and incisive metaphor the chief source of inferiority of English fiction, as compared with the practice of that art in France. In a play, on the contrary, the loose end "is as grave a dishonour as the dangle of a snippet of silk or wool on the right side of a tapestry"—which is simply Mr. James's way of saying that the conventions of dramatic technique demand a closer, firmer and proportionately more artificial structure than that of the novel. Now there is no use in quarrelling with existing conditions, no use in trying to blind ourselves to the fact that even second-rate plays are usually better pieces of construction than many first-rate novels. But it is worth while to ask ourselves what is the logic of this distinction between these two forms of presenting a story—the narrative and the histrionic—and to consider whether, on the one hand, it is possible in any form of art to picture life truly, with no loose ends at all; and, on the other, whether even the freest form justifies the author in leaving on all sides the raggedness of an unfinished edge.

In the first place, we must go back to the basic principle that all art is founded ultimately upon an interpretation of life; but that, in order to be art, and not a mere mechanical transcript, it must be tempered with the spirit of compromise. Now, life, as we see it around us, no matter how broad or how narrow our individual view may be, is never in itself complete; it is always a part, a detail of some vaster, unseen pattern, for ever measureless and unfinished. To take from life any human story with naturalistic literalness, must be like cutting a single figure from the centre of an intricate piece of lace—all the way around the circle it bristles with severed threads. Such lack of finish would be unendurable in a novel; yet a finished selvage would be, at the opposite extreme, equally bad art. You cannot so isolate a group of human beings as to sever them completely from the rest of the world. Were it possible to fling a man and a woman out of this world altogether, onto some remote asteroid or one of the moons of Jupiter, even then their undying memories would intervene to hamper their actions and form an inseverable link with humanity.

The problem, then, comes down to this: not, how can we do away with all loose ends; but, what is the smallest number of loose ends with which we can maintain a semblance of reality? And the answer depends very largely upon the purpose of the individual novelist, the particular sort of picture that he is trying to give of life. There is no question that the modern tendency of the technique of fiction is more and more to do away with superfluous loose ends, more and more to concentrate in a single, unified effect. In no other respect does the development of fiction show, even within the past decade, so steady and interesting a forward movement. In the earliest times, the loose ends draggled, unheeded, behind epic and novel and short story alike. The *Odyssey*, in this respect, is like the "ravelled sleave of care;" so, too, are *Don Quixote*, and most of the tales of the *Decameron*. It was Poe who first conceived of the strict unity

*One Braver Thing. By Richard Dehan. New York: Duffield and Company.

At the Sign of the Burning Bush. By M. Little. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Fruit of Desire. By Virginia Demarest. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Vera of the Strong Heart. By Marion Mole. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Rod of Justice. By Alice and Claude Askew. New York: Brentanos.

The O'Flynn. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Song of the Wolf. By Frank Mayer. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

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of the short story, and formulated his theory. To him, the short tale differed from the novel in aiming at a single unique effect; "there should be no word written of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not toward the one pre-established design. . . . The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed; and this is an end unattainable by the novel." It is an interesting evidence of the forward movement of fiction that, a quarter century later, we find Trollope pleading for almost the same sort of unity in the novel: "There should be no episodes in a novel. Every sentence, every word, through all those pages, should tend to the telling of the story. Such episodes distract the attention of the reader and always do so disagreeably. Who has not felt this to be the case even with *The Curious Impertinent* and with the *History of the Man of the Hill?* And if it be so with Cervantes and Fielding, who can hope for success? Though the novel which you have to write must be long, let it be all one."

And this idea of unity in fiction, no matter what the length, is year by year coming to be the chief aim of those who practise the best technique. Whether your story structure contains two figures only or two thousand; whether the lapse of time is a day or a century: the underlying principle is the same—there must be some central, unifying idea, some definite and complete pattern, drawn in strong lines and pronounced colours, so as to leave behind it an unfading image on the mind's retina. The novelist who leaves behind him an impression of separate details instead of a completed work, ought to feel that he has fallen short of the highest attainment. Of *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Vanity Fair,* is it not true that most readers remember, first of all, separate incidents, individual characters, rather than any general design? And is not this as much a disparagement of the older order of fiction as works of art, as though a person should say of the Milo Venus, yes, I remember the nose, and the chin, and the left shoulder, but I have no recollection what she looks like, as a whole!"

Now, the Loose End is quite a different thing from the irrelevant episode; and yet in most cases it is quite as disastrous. It breaks the effect of unity as completely as straggling locks of hair destroy the effect of the most elaborate coiffure. But there is this important distinction to be made regarding different types of the Loose End. Suppose, on the one hand, yours is a very simple story, some intimate drama that concerns directly only two people in the world. Now, in this case, the introduction of another character, with interests of his own, momentous problems that remain unsolved, leaves a loose end of the type that forms an intolerable blemish. But if, on the contrary, your story is of epic dimensions, if its unit of measure is not individuals, but groups, families, communities; if your whole scheme involves handling mankind in the mass, rushing men and women into life and out of it again with the ruthlessness of war or pestilence—then one character or a score of characters, for that matter, who drop out of sight with their histories unfinished, are not loose ends, but merely a surface roughness, so to speak, inherent in the particular form of material you have chosen to use. To keep the metaphor, it is as though you had chosen to weave with a rough thread, bristling with coarse fibres—and, no matter how carefully you finish off the ends, those fibres will stick out all over the surface.

This helps us to understand why, on the whole, the technique of the stage is more rigid than that of fiction about the introduction of superfluous characters and incidents and the slipshod trailing of loose ends. From the physical limitations of the theatre, the dramatic unit of measure is necessarily the individual. The epic breadth of treatment, the epic disregard of the individual, the epic complexity of detail, subordinated to the unity of some big ethical or national idea, is the peculiar prerogative of narrative, as opposed to dramatic structure.

"One Braver Thing"

Very few books have appeared during the current year that are so rich in good material, strong characters, dramatic situations, as *One Braver Thing,* by Richard Dehan. The author had much to say, and he was prodigal of it. There is a wealth

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of people and scenes and incidents in the book that in the hands of a less spendthrift writer would have sufficed for at least three novels, instead of one. He had also the advantage of a really big theme—an often used theme, to be sure, yet one that may always be relied on to offer new and striking aspects: the action and reaction of warfare upon human character. The Boer War has given us already an extensive shelfful of fiction, good, bad and indifferent—chiefly indifferent. And of the good it is fairly safe to say that this new volume by Mr. Dehan shows us the broadest, most vivid and most detailed picture that we have yet had from any novelist. He shows us the land, the people, the conditions of life, before the struggle and during it and after the war is over. And in doing so, he accomplishes that rather rare feat of creating with us the illusion that we are actually there with him; that we are absorbing the story he has to tell, not merely through the visual impression of printer's ink, but through the ear and nostril and other senses as well; in short, that we, too, for the time being are sharers in the hopes and fears, the anguish and the victory that he is describing. The present reviewer happens to know nothing at all in a personal way about Mr. Richard Dehan; it is, of course, possible that he has never been in Africa at all. But certainly the book bears the imprint of a personal knowledge, a series of wonderfully graphic and accurate pictures done upon the spot, by an artist with a far-seeing eye and a steady hand. These are in themselves enviable qualities; and any novelist possessing them is likely to go a long way. Nevertheless *One Braver Thing* is not nearly so good a novel as it might easily have been—and the reason for this lies in its faulty construction, the slipshod impression that always comes from loose ends.

For the purpose of studying problems of construction, it would be hard to find a better object lesson than Mr. Dehan's book. He comes so near doing the thing in the biggest, broadest, best balanced way! He has all the elements demanded by that type of fiction which we have learned to speak of as the epic novel: a big, general theme, the Boer War; and a special central interest, the growth of character and shaping of the lives of a man and a woman, through the part they play in that war. Now, as we have previously seen, an epic treatment demands the presentment of men and women, not singly or in detached groups, but in masses; figures appear and disappear unheeded, individual joys and griefs come to our knowledge for the moment, to be disregarded the next, lost and overwhelmed by the mightier problem of a country's destiny. In any verbal tapestry woven on such a scale as this, the only sort of loose end that demands serious anxiety is a regiment that drops out of sight, a raid that comes to nothing, a beleaguered town whose struggle we witness in detail, and whose fate the author, perhaps, forgets to mention. Faults of this kind are not to be laid at the door of Mr. Dehan. Then why, we may ask, does his book convey the impression of loose ends?

To answer this question, it is not needful to examine the plot at all minutely. Indeed, it is so involved, so crowded with a close network of interwoven lives, that even a careful reading of the book itself makes full understanding something of an effort. But these salient facts at least must be mentioned: Lynette Mildare, left an orphan waif, in the heart of the veldt, by the death of the man and woman who had fled together, in defiance of honour and the law, is reared in ignorance and wretchedness by a brutal Boer at whose hands she later suffers nameless outrage. She is rescued by the gentle mother-superior of the first Catholic convent in the Transvaal, cared for and educated. Owen Saxham, an English physician of much promise, has his career ruined and his approaching marriage broken off by the scandal of an unfounded charge brought against him in London, by the very Boer, as it later turns out, who was the cause of Lynette's early wretchedness. Saxham, broken in spirit, buries himself alive in South Africa, drinks recklessly, and soon becomes known by the Dutch soubriquet of the "Dop Doctor." Such are the conditions of the two central characters, when, all of a sudden, the storm of war descends in all its violence. The war has this immediate effect: It brings both the Doctor and Lynette out of their voluntary

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exile into contact with humanity. The physicians on the military staff are only too glad to have the help of a man who once was recognised as the ablest surgeon of his age in England; the hospitals are equally glad of the gentle aid of Lynette who, with the mother-superior, proffers her services as nurse. It is obvious that the doctor is destined to meet the girl and promptly fall under the spell of her fragile beauty; that his desire to win approval from her will do more than anything else to cure his craving for alcohol; and that she, on the other hand, treasuring in her heart a secret horror of all men, will involuntarily shrink from him, even though she recognises his bravery, his devotion and his bigness of heart. All this interplay of human emotions we get, intensified by the bigger drama of the background, the atmosphere of sickness and of death, the pungency of powder, the scream of shells, the reek of blood and of antiseptics. But the end of the story does not come with the end of the war. Lynette, in spite of her horror of man, inconsistently falls in love with a young army officer, who conceals from her the fact that he is already married; and in spite of this love and her still unlessened horror of man, she consents, after the young officer has died in battle, to marry Saxham—stipulating, however, that the marriage, be in name only. The scene shifts to England, and the narrative drags on for another hundred pages—no longer, however, in the epic key, but simply and frankly as an intimate personal history of certain episodes in the lives of just one man and one woman. Now a novelist has a great deal of liberty. Within certain limits, he may practically do any thing he pleases. But he has no right to start to write one kind of a story, and then shift off into another; he has no right to make the whole Transvaal the heroine of his story throughout three-quarters of its length, and then, without warning suddenly tell us, in act if not in words: "I have changed my mind; my heroine is not a South African Republic, but just one frail, unhappy English girl, who has made a rather sorry mess of her married life." The net result of this sort of blunder is that, as we close the book, every one of those throngs of figures that filled the middle part of the picture suddenly present themselves to our memory as a veritable snarl of loose ends.

"At the Sign of the Burning Bush"

At the Sign of the Burning Bush, by M. Little, is a volume which presents itself most appropriately, as an effective contrast to the one we have just been considering. It is a good illustration of the type of novel in which from first to last there has been a deliberate intention to leave individual stories unfinished, and where the dangling threads resulting from this method are not to be regarded as loose ends, but a sort of intentional fringe, a deliberately planned part of the pattern. The basic theme of this novel is the Church as it is to-day in Scotland; that is to say, the general conditions of faith and doctrine and religious tolerance, both within the Church and without, among the clergy and the laity. Try to make any one of the separate characters of the book the hero or heroine, and you immediately have difficulty in discovering anything like an attempt at structure;—but if you make the Church itself the protagonist, like the Stock Exchange in Zola's *L'Argent,* or the Department Store in *Au Bonheur des Dames,* and the author's pattern stands out at once, in all clearness. The book opens in the rooms of three divinity students, Pink, De Stuynier and Mackenzie—Pink, underbred, parsimonious, and sickly; De Stuynier well born, snobbish and frightfully poor; Mackenzie, neither one thing nor another, but big-hearted, intensely human, and much troubled by grave doubts of his fitness for the ministry, and his right to subscribe to a creed in which he does not believe. It is the careers of these three men, and the spheres of influence that they extend from the various parishes to which they are successively called, that give the book its substance. We get an impression of a rising spirit of religious liberty so revolutionary as to seem an ironical exaggeration; a breaking down of old conventions and practices, all of which is extremely interesting and suggestive—and when we ask ourselves why we find this interest and suggestiveness in disputes over creeds and doctrines, we realise that it is because the author has

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known how to paint character with such a fine humanity, making these people all actually live for us, with their virtues and their weaknesses—making us know them, in short, much as we know ourselves, and considerably better than we usually know our neighbour. In the end it is not the hard-working, sickly, self-seeking Pink, nor the brilliant, haughty De Stuynier who achieves success and a big following; it is Mackenzie, the unambitious, the doubter, whose lack of faith goes almost to the verge of agnosticism, but who, nevertheless, holds men because of his sympathetic understanding, his unquenchable love of his fellow-men. The book contains many subordinate threads; there is, for instance, a very beautiful, if somewhat idealised, affection between a man and a woman, which remains to the end upon that most unstable footing, a platonic friendship. Taken altogether, it is a big book, big in theme, big in purpose, and in the abiding impression it leaves behind it, of the innate goodness of the average man and woman.

"The Fruit of Desire"

The Fruit of Desire, by Virginia Demarest, is a book which may wisely be passed over with the fewest possible words, in a magazine intended for general reading. Nevertheless, it makes any thoughtful reviewer, with pronounced views upon the central theme, long for an opportunity to express himself with the frankness of a medical diagnosis or the forcefulness of Zola's *Fécondité.* Of loose ends there is no lack; indeed, excepting for the sake of creating a most unplausible sort of made situation, the first half of the book resembles a piece of lace ruthlessly chopped off and dangling to the remainder by only a single thread. What the author wished to find was a situation that would give excuse for a man and a woman living together simply on a footing of friendship yet forced to pass themselves off to the world as husband and wife. The author's thesis is that so long as their relations remain simply friendly, they are happy, but that when their union becomes a true marriage, jealousy and hatred take the place of affection. Now, there is no use in discussing this theme, unless we could discuss it somewhat exhaustively; and, after all, there is no point in discussing an inferior presentment of a subject which Tolstoy treated once for all in *The Kreutzer Sonata.* But one may at least say, parenthetically, that the closing chapters of Mr. Dehan's book, reviewed above, serve as a pretty forceful answer to Miss Demarest's argument. And why, in a story which she obviously meant as a typical and general case, did she so far make it special and limited as to take for hero an ex-convict and for heroine a girl whose reputation has been ruined by a widespread scandal?

"Vera of the Strong Heart"

Vera of the Strong Heart, by Marion Mole, belongs to the class of novels which are interesting, not in themselves, but in the promise they contain of something better yet to come. Marion Mole has a good deal yet to learn about the art of novel writing. But she has an encouraging power of invention, an individuality of style that needs only a little wholesome discipline, and a trick of character portrayal that makes her people seem real, even where she exaggerates them. None the less, *Vera of the Strong Heart* is often tedious, and would benefit by some ruthless cutting. One becomes wearied of hearing what a phenomenally wicked man Lord Carshalton was, and somehow, in the absence of a bill of particulars, the bare statement does not carry conviction. To be sure, when his twin sons were born, it was rather irregular of him, after Nana the nurse had carelessly mixed them up, to toss up for choice of the heir. And later, when the lads are nearly grown, and inseparable comrades, who have carefully been guarded from the knowledge that it was the carelessness of one of them in early childhood that left the other a cripple for life—it is natural enough for the father to fly into a rage when they both defy him and refuse to follow his plans for their education—and it seems to the reader that a paralytic stroke is a pretty heavy penalty for the old man to pay for the privilege of a brief anger and a few curses. At all events, the father realises that he is near death and, wishing to be sure that his line will be continued, decides that both sons, lads though they are, shall forthwith be married. Now

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Cedric, the lame brother, has inherited his father's bad temper and wayward tendency, and it takes a girl of a strong heart to find the courage to marry him—such, at least, is the author's way of seeing the situation, and her excuse for the title of her book. And with the love of woman comes the first estrangement between the brothers, an estrangement which endures until Vera and the other young woman to whom Ralph, the other twin, is engaged, make the mistake of telling the brothers the true history of Cedric's lameness. Straightway, their old love for each other is revived, and quite overshadows their interest in the women they are to marry. And although the weddings take place at the appointed time, the brothers leave home soon afterward, regardless of their brides; and the book concludes melodramatically with the birth of a daughter to each of the deserted wives, simultaneously with the arrival of the news of their husbands' deaths. It seems a pity that so much good workmanship was spent upon such futile material.

"The Rod of Justice"

The Rod of Justice, by Alice and Claude Askew, the joint authors of *The Shulamite,* is good melodrama, and in spots rises to a somewhat higher level. The scene is the Transvaal, the theme, the insane jealousy of a stout, plain featured, slow-witted Boer woman, who sees her last chance of marriage taken from her. Ivory Creighton, a young English woman, has fled to Africa, because she loves a married man and doubts her own strength to withstand him. Friendless and ill, she is taken in by Peter Van Naas, a rough, uncouth farmer, who has been on the point of marrying his cousin, Keziah, but now transfers his interest to the strange, exotic charm of Ivory. Allen Osborne, the Englishman, from whom Ivory has fled, follows close upon her tracks, for his wife is dead and he is free to remarry. He traces her to Van Naas's farm, but the Boer, knowing Ivory's history, and realising that he is now likely to lose her, denies any knowledge of her whereabouts. Ivory, not knowing of Allen's arrival, consents to marry Van Naas, feeling that in this way she will still further be protected against her own weakness. But the wedding is hardly over, when Allen returns, has an interview with Ivory and discloses Van Naas's treachery. Ivory starts to flee with Osborne, is followed by Van Naas, and on the point of being captured, when the farmer trips over his own rifle, which goes off, mortally wounding him. He lives long enough to tell Keziah the truth, and sign a paper exonorating Osborne and Ivory from any blame for his death. But Keziah, crazed with jealousy, hides the paper, summons the farm hands, tracks down the fugitive couple, and grimly proceeds to execute them both. Of course, help arrives in the nick of time, just as the rope is tightening around Ivory's neck, making a fine curtain scene, for a story which is obviously a developed scenario of a four act drama. It has at least the merit of good dramatic construction—a minimum of loose ends.

"The O'Flynn"

The O'Flynn, by Justin Huntly McCarthy, is another light-weight but well constructed story, written evidently with one eye upon the footlights. It deals with that restless period when King William was feeling no small amount of anxiety, because James Stuart, in his refuge in Ireland, was awaiting the arrival from the continent of his wife's jewels, the Blue Mogul diamond, the Turkish Ruby, and the almost priceless pearl necklace—for with these he would be able to raise fresh troops. They are being brought to Ireland by three separate messengers, the pearls being intrusted to Lady Benedetta Mountmichael, who is travelling ostensibly to visit her father, Lord Mountmichael. A certain Hendrigg, an expert and slippery rascal, is sent to intercept the pearls—and he would, no doubt, have succeeded, had it not been that by mere chance The O'Flynn, Irish gentleman and soldier of fortune, was travelling by the same route as the Lady Benedetta and chose to take a hand in the affray. Such is the beginning of a light little comedy of the romantic sort that Mr. McCarthy has the trick of producing with a uniform and well sustained deftness.

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"The Song of the Wolf"

The Song of the Wolf, by Frank Mayer, is a book that cannot fail to exasperate any reader who has a sense of good construction. It is a story of Colorado in the early eighties; the types of cowboy, scout and pioneer; the life of the mine and the cattle ranch, are all drawn with a sureness of touch that comes only from first-hand knowledge. Even the well worn theme of the girl from the East conquering her prejudices and accepting the rough and primitive ways of her cowboy lover, is here handled with a certain commendable freshness. But there is one sin that is a little worse than that of the loose end; and that is, when a novelist, discovering that certain ends are dangling, instead of finishing them off neatly, ties on a new thread of a different colour, and merrily goes on weaving with it, indifferent to the fact that he has spoiled the harmony of colour and symmetry of plot. The trouble with Mr. Mayer is, that with plenty of interesting material and a fluent, vivid style, at his command he lacks even a rudimentary sense of the proper point at which to stop. He does not know when he has reached the end of one story and is beginning another.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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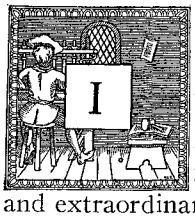
THE RELIGION OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON*



IT was the fortune of Robert Louis Stevenson, dying untimely as he did, to be treated as a classic before his death, and there is something in the circumstance singular and extraordinary. It is a fate which has happened to few, to scarcely any one indeed whose period of earthly toil has been so brief. It is quite possible that more distant generations may not endorse our spirit of laudation, and may accuse us of lack of perspective and hastiness of judgment. But I am not one of those who entertain such forebodings. Stevenson is for me the most vivid, brilliant, and suggestive figure in our later literature, and his writings possess an element of charm which I find in no others. Pre-eminently he is a great master of style. It would be hard indeed if he were not, considering the immense pains which he took to write perfectly. He is entirely frank in confessing that he does not wield an easy pen. He never thinks of the immense fecundity and power of Walter Scott without despair. He says frankly, "I cannot compete with that." In a darker mood he cries, "What makes me sick is to think of Scott turning out *Guy Mannering* in three weeks! What a pull of work! heavens, what thews and sinews! And here am I, my head spinning from having only rewritten seven not very difficult pages—and not very good when done." But he has certainly written as Scott never did, with a precision and subtlety of style which at its best is nearly inimitable. The swing and ease of Scott he has not; but he has contrived so to interpret himself in all his work that there is scarcely a page which does not throw over us the spell of something intimate and spiritual—a nameless aroma of genius which all sympathetic to him must feel, though few can describe.

Perhaps it is because this curious essence of personality which pervades his work is so elusive that few critics have discovered the right word to say of it, and have found it easier to fall back upon a general analysis of Stevenson's qualities as story-writer. That these qualities are of supreme excellence no one will deny. He himself justly felt that his power as a novelist lay in the direction of

*From the BOOKMAN for September, 1896.

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the grim and terrible. Give him a scene of savage passion and bloodshed, and no one can handle it so convincingly. Invalid as he was all his life, no man had more of the spirit of the adventurer. His was the spirit which loved adventure for its own sake. In one of his last letters to Mr. Colvin he rejoices that there is no more Land of Counterpane for him, and suggests what a find ending it would be if, after all, he could contrive for himself a violent death. It was probably by a sort of reaction from the actual conditions of his life that he became a writer of adventure stories. He wrote them superbly. Some of his scenes, some of his phrases even, live enduringly in the memory. Almost all the scenes in *Treasure Island;* the fight upon the deck in *The Wrecker;* the dreadful picture of the abominable Huish in *The Ebb-Tide* going to his doom, with the packet of dynamite concealed in his simious hand; the murder of Case in *The Beach of Falesá,* the body of the man giving "like a spring-sofa" under the knees of his assailant; the immortal duel of the two brothers on the snowy lawn, the candles burning clear beside them in the windless air, in *The Master of Ballantrae*—these and many more scenes might be quoted as examples of Stevenson's extraordinary power in dealing with the grim and terrible. In the Celtic imagination the weird is always a potent force, and Stevenson was pure Celt. But he who does not see much more than this in Stevenson sees little. Any good writer could describe a duel or a murder with some degree of power and accuracy; but there are few writers who can make us feel that Death and Eternity surround the scene. Stevenson does this. He has a powerful and persistent sense of the spiritual forces which move behind the painted shows of life. He writes not only as a realist, but as a prophet. His meanest stage is set with Eternity as a background.

Take, for example, the astonishing subtlety and truth of the scene in which he pictures Herrick as attempting suicide by drowning, in *The Ebb-Tide.* The moment the wretched man takes the water, he begins to swim by a sort of instinct. He is about to "lie down with all races and generations of men in the house of sleep;" there will be plenty of time to stop swimming presently. But could he stop swimming? He knew at once that he could not.

> He was aware instantly of an opposition in his members, unanimous and invincible, clinging to life with a single and fixed resolve, finger by finger, sinew by sinew; something that was at once he and not he—at once within and without him; the shutting of some miniature valve within his brain, which a single manly thought should suffice to open—and the grasp of an external fate ineluctable as gravity. . . . There were men who could commit suicide; there were men who could not: and he was one who could not.

There is not a hint here of the sort of imagination which a commonplace novelist would indulge in—the marching before the mind of the drowning man of his past life, and so forth; but there is something infinitely more terrible. Stevenson admits us into the very soul of the miserable man. He makes us partners in his extreme self-contempt, the utter self-loathing which makes him feel "he could have spat upon himself." He gives us a momentary glimpse of far-off powers that watch the spectacle: a city "along whose distant terraces there walked men and women of awful and benignant features, who viewed him with distant commiseration." This is one of the greatest pieces of imaginative writing in our literature, but it is much more than this. It is the work of a man profoundly impressed by spiritual realities, and only such a man could have produced it.

It would be easy to arrange in opposing categories the novelists who have a religious sense and those who are destitute of it. The first usually spoil their art by making it the abject vehicle of something that they want to teach: the second usually fail of the most difficult success, because when they come to the greatest episodes of life they lack the spirituality which can alone interpret them aright. Stevenson belongs to neither of these classes. He does not profess that he has anything to teach, and has no temptation to the didactic. He aims at one thing only, to tell his story in what seems to him the completest and most perfect manner. His ethical views are to be found in

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his essays, and of these we are not speaking now. But nevertheless Stevenson is a moralist or nothing. The Scot can rarely escape the pressure of those profound and serious thoughts which constitute religion; and Stevenson carried religion in his very bones and marrow. That which gives his great scenes their most impressive element is not merely their force of imagination or of truth; it is this subtle element of religion which colours them. The awful, the distant, the eternal, mix themselves in all his thoughts. The difference between a great scene of Scott and a great scene of Stevenson is that the first impresses us, but the second awes us. Words, phrases, sudden flashes of insight, linger in the mind and solemnise it. We feel that there is something we have not quite fathomed in the passage, and we return to it again to find it still unfathomable. Light of heart and brilliant as he can be, yet not Carlyle himself moved more indubitably in the presence of the immensities and eternities. Wonder and astonishment sit throned among his thoughts, the wonder of the awe-struck child at divine mysteries, the enduring astonishment of the man who moves about in worlds not recognised. It is this intense religious sense of Stevenson which sets him in a place apart among his contemporaries; it is, to use his own phrase, a force that grasps him "ineluctable as gravity."

Sometimes, though but rarely, he permits himself a wider latitude. Thus he puts into the lips of Attwater thoughts which no doubt had moved his own heart deeply. Attwater is very far from being a perfectly conceived or rendered character; indeed, he must stand among Stevenson's failures. But he is useful in showing us the mysticism of his creator's mind. He is a man who walks awestruck through the labyrinth of life. He hears across the desolate lagoon eternity ringing like a bell. He ponders life and death with insistence, with passion and absorption. He preaches to the wretched fugitives who are his guests; he uses the very words which might express Stevenson's own sense of the unseen—"We sit on this verandah on a lighted stage with all heaven for spectators. And you call that solitude." To Herrick, who has implied his total disbelief in God, he replies that it is by the grace of God we live at all:

> The grace of your Maker and Redeemer, He who died for you, He who upholds you, He whom you daily crucify afresh. . . . Nothing but God's Grace! We walk upon it; we breathe it; we live and die by it; it makes the nails and axles of the universe; and a puppy in pyjamas prefers self-conceit!

A trifle grandiloquent, perhaps; but then Attwater is meant to be a grandiloquent personage, a half-barbarous and half-evangelical South Sea Hercules. Yet surely these words of his are a deep cry out of Stevenson's own heart. A man whose daily breath was a sort of miracle, and who felt that every hour he lived he was cheating the grave of its proper prey, might well feel that he lived literally by the grace of God.

Nowhere does the spiritual genius of Stevenson express itself with such force and fulness as in his *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. And incidentally it may be remarked that nothing which he has written has laid hold so strongly on the public mind. When one comes to think of it, there are very few, even of the greatest writers, who have created figures so vital and so real that they have become familiar and alive to the great world of readers. Dickens has done it: hardly any one else of our time. There is certainly no firm in England so well known as Spenlow & Jorkins, and no public personage half so familiar to us as Micawber, perpetually waiting for something to turn up. The politician or the speaker has but to use these names, and instantly his parable is perceived: on the mimic stage of memory and imagination there struts forth a figure, better known to us than the clerk in our office, or the friend who talks with us at dinner. And thus to seize upon certain living traits of character and certain catchwords of speech, and so mould the whole that the result is a personage so thoroughly alive and so delightfully human that we can sum up whole stages of observation and experience by the mention of his imaginary name, is the crowning skill of great creative art. No novelist can expect a higher triumph than this; but this triumph has certainly been Stevenson's.

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"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has already become a password: men utter the phrase and declare a parable. It has become, in fact, a synonym for the dual nature of man, and the deadly war of opposites which is always going on in human character.

But there is this difference—and it is a typical one—between the creatures of Dickens's stage and those of Stevenson's: Micawber and his fellows spring out of humorous fancy, Hyde and Jekyll from the womb of a sombre and terrible imagination. Here, again, we come upon that profound seriousness of soul that underlies all Stevenson's best work; the questioning and philosophic mind groping at the intricate coil of things; the intense imagination of the Celt, fascinated by the grim and subtle mysteries of human nature. The seed-thought of this appalling fable of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is familiar enough: it is the ancient Pauline description of a war in our members, so that the thing we would, that we do not; and the thing we would not that we do. The summary of the whole—it might well form the inscription for the title-page—is that great cry wrung out of the very agonised heart of this internecine conflict, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" We have heard the words many times on the lips of preachers and theologians, but one would certainly have doubted if they were capable of being vitalised by the art of the novelist. But in the mind of Stevenson there existed just that combination of faculties to which they most powerfully appealed. He has told us that the fable was a form of literary art which always fascinated him, and in the truest sense *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is a fable. But what a fable! There is the weirdness of Poe, his eloquence too, and his power of piling up detail, but a power of analyses and a psychologic subtlety which he never reached. It may be doubted if any novelist has ever cut so deep into morbid psychology as Stevenson in this short story of one hundred and fifty pages. What an awful picture is this of a man torn between his good and evil natures; in his right mind given to religious and serious thoughts, in the guise of Mr. Hyde greedy of abominable vices; repenting and sinning in turn; conscious all the time that the ape-like thing within him grows stronger for each fresh indulgence and liberation, and yet incapable of restraining him; to the last desirous of good, but impotent of achieving it. Fantastic, all but grotesque as the story is, yet it has all the firm outline of reality. Reading it, we readily permit ourselves to be convinced that such a thing could be. The horror grows with every stage: it becomes palpable, tremendous. The ape-like thing called Hyde, the incarnated evil of the soul of Jekyll, pursues our very dreams. And with what solemn and lamenting eloquence does the allegory close:

> This was the shocking thing; that the slime of the pit seemed to utter cries and voices; that the amorphous dust gesticulated and sinned; that what was dead, and had no shape, should usurp the offices of life. And this again: that that insurgent horror was knit to him closer than a wife, closer than an eye; lay caged in his flesh, where he heard it mutter, and felt it struggle to be born; and at every hour of weakness, and in the confidence of slumber, prevailed against him, and deposed him out of life.

A piece of writing like this is a unique achievement in the art of letters. It is really comparable with nothing else; it stands alone. And it is conclusive evidence of that subtlety and force of spiritual genius which gives Stevenson a place apart, and high above all contemporaries, as an interpreter of the deepest things of the human soul.

A sort of foreshadowing of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* may be found in another and earlier story of Stevenson's, called *Markheim*. As a story this is briefer and less elaborated, but it is scarcely less powerful and tragic. In this instance it is the soul of a man who appears to him immediately after he has done a cruel murder, and calmly analyses all the slow moral disintegration which has led up to this crowning infamy, and finally extorts from the man a confession of the truth of the analysis.

> "You have grown in many things more lax," says the accusing spirit: "possibly you do right to be so; and at any account it is the same with all men. But granting that, are you in

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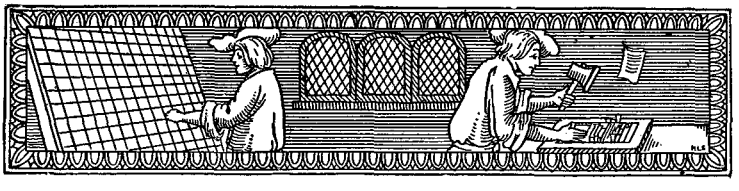
any one particular, however trifling, more difficult to please with your own conduct, or do you go in all things with a looser rein?"

"In any one?" repeated Markheim, with an anguish of consideration. "No," he added with despair, "in none! I have gone down in all!"

But here again, powerful as the story is, and told with an incomparable realism and suggestiveness, it is not the story which holds us spellbound so much as the moral drama which it displays. It probes deep into the intricacies of human motive, and the mystery of human sin. No one who has read pages such as these in Stevenson with the least degree of right appreciation can ever mistake him for the idle story-teller of an idle hour. Most readers will be far more inclined to say that nowhere in our literature is there to be found a writer who displays such mastery over the secrets of the soul, or speaks with a voice more undoubtedly prophetic.

It is an astonishing thing that a writer who has deliberately set himself to write pure adventure stories should possess such a gift of spiritual subtlety, and it begets in us a doubt whether, after all, Stevenson was rightly aware of the nature of his own genius. But this at least must be admitted, that he has contrived to lift the adventure story to a quite new elevation by the powers which he has brought to bear upon it. That which gives his books their enduring hold upon the mind is precisely this spiritual subtlety which informs them. We read them once, we read them twice; we read them again after the lapse of years during which many things have happened in the development of our own minds, and we still find them fascinating. Nor is it altogether the clearness and beauty of the style that compels attention: still less is it the narrative. It is rather a compulsion which arises from the spirit of the man; something in the turning of a phrase, in the felicity of an epithet, in the imaginative force of a sentence that has the effect of being flashed upon the brain, which opens up profound depths of thought, and calls the mind to solemn speculations. Stevenson was too modest a man to pose as a thinker; yet a thinker he was, and of great originality and insight. And in the truest sense of the word he was an entirely pious man. He knew what it meant, as he has put it, to go up "the great bare staircase of his duty, uncheered and undepressed." In the trials of a life unusually difficult, and pierced by the spear's points of the sharpest limitations, he preserved a splendid and unbroken fortitude. No man ever met life with a higher courage; it is safe to say that a man less courageous would not have lived nearly so long. There are few things more wonderful and admirable than the persistence of his energy; ill and compelled to silence, he still dictates his story in the dumb alphabet, and at his lowest ebb of health makes no complaint. And through all there runs a piety as invincible as his fortitude; a certain gaiety of soul that never deserts him; a faith in the ultimate rightness of destiny which holds him serene amid a sea of troubles. Neither his work nor his life have yet been justly apprehended, nor has the time yet come when a thoroughly accurate and balanced judgment is possible. But it will be a painful surprise to me if coming generations do not recognise his work as one of the chief treasures of our literature, and the man himself as one of the most original, rare, and entirely lovable men of genius of this or of any time.

W. J. Dawson.



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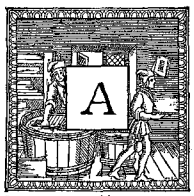
THE REPORTER AND LITERATURE*



N observer of American conditions can hardly fail to notice that our newspaper reporters are each year taking a more prominent part in the literary world. Editors used to become literary men, but reporters almost never. For the change there are several general causes. In the first place, beginners in journalism come from a better class than they did a decade ago. Horace Greeley was one of many in the last generation who distrusted college graduates, and believed that the good newspaper man, as he told Mr. Dana, was the one who had in his boyhood slept on papers and eaten ink; and those who did not work up from the bottom drifted into the business because they had failed in other occupations. To-day the papers seek men fresh from college, because they write better English; and their formal education helps them in many of the subjects covered by the press to-day. It is natural, therefore, that the reporter of the present time is more often heard of outside than was the broken-down lawyer or business man who gathered the news twenty years ago. His opportunities are excellent, as his regular duties give him the best material for stories, descriptive articles, and essays, and the habit of noticing detail, picturesque situations, events, and characters, obviously tends to literary production.

But there are dangers, the first of which is the fixed tone which in the paper of to-day runs through all of its columns, to make a consistency, a uniformity, to which its servant is obliged to bend, however much it may depart from his own nature. As observation and shrewdness increase, the ideal qualities of his individuality often vanish, and the style which is the man, the untranslatable and intimate part, is crushed, that he may write instead the *Sun* style, the *World, Post,* or *Tribune* style, not in manner alone, but in substance and general intellectual attitude. Cynicism dominates one paper, sensationalism another, business common sense a third, society a fourth, and men and things must be judged by the reporter in the light of this point of view from which he is hired to write. News is padded or omitted, made plausible or doubtful, impressive or ridiculous, according to its bearing on certain opinions. Of course the reporter may keep up two selves, but usually the point of view which he uses every day has its influence on him. "Your worst fault," said a successful reporter to a beginner, "is that you are always criticising. A newspaper man ought to know his paper thoroughly, and learn to share its ideas." Within limits individuality is encouraged, but the limits are essential.

Cynicism is a natural result, and few professions show so much of it. It exists to a rather surprising extent in the best papers, but of course it is more marked among the men who work for the sensational sheets; who pry into private matters, break confidences, intrude where people are mourning, get facts through keyholes, make revelations which cause shame and suffering. What is said of all this? Certainly the public does not care very much. It mildly disapproves in extreme cases; but none the less, its first interest is in getting the news, this kind of essentially unimportant news, gossip, which is usually the subject of such underhanded "scoops." A little over a year ago a Chicago paper obtained a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on a subject of national importance by means, it was generally supposed, of bribery of printers or stenographers. Readers and reporters spoke of what a tremendous thing this paper had accomplished, and few expressed regret that such things should be. The reporter as a rule regrets that the taste of the public is so low. "But," he adds, "we don't run newspapers for exercise or for the good of humanity. We run them to make money. Therefore we give the public what it will buy." The public does not feel responsible for the newspaper nor the newspaper for the public.

But there is a strong social penalty for the individual. The young man in society

*From the BOOKMAN for April, 1897.

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often meets a coolness because he is a reporter, and his friends do not use that word in introducing him. Often he appears as a "journalist" in the directory. Naturally, the youth who belongs to a class which gets by shrewd means the facts which the taste of the better part of society thinks should not be made public must be looked upon with a feeling of distrust. However sure his friends may feel that apart from his business, his standards are as high as theirs, the general contempt for the methods of the profession must fall to some extent on him; and usually, whatever his paper, he has, inevitably, breaches of taste to answer for. However strong his social position, he sees that his associates watch him with regret, as a good man walking in dark paths. They laugh at his stories, and are interested in his experiences more than in those of the lawyer or the doctor, but they seem to feel that some of his essential dignity is gone. And even where there is no condemnation there is often aloofness, as among business associates. He is regarded as a creature apart, one who may tell things, and whom events interest only from the point of view of fitness for his use. He cares for the outcome of nothing. "Go on and stir things up," said a reporter to a politician. "I do not care what you do, so you do something. It is all good for me." This is the attitude with which the world has identified him. Two reporters were discussing the Venezuela trouble. "The doctrine has cost a terrible pile," said one. "It has made lots of columns," the other replied. "Yes," said the first, "I suppose on the whole it has paid." The world does not like that standard of judgment, but it is only too typical of the characteristic irony of the newspaper man.

These considerations are no more moral than artistic. The domination of our literary world by the newspapers increases the number of writers clever at giving the public what it desires, but does it work for or against the production of real literature? The gloomier view is the more readily stated, and among the many who hold it may be named Lord Rosebery, who said in a speech last June: "What you want to develop in your race is the art of thinking, and thinking is an art which stands a very good chance of perishing from among us altogether. The risks to which independent thinking is exposed, when you come to reckon them up, are manifold and dangerous. I think the Press, with all its great merits, is one of the greatest enemies of independent thinking. To begin with, we are furnished every day from at least half a dozen quarters with the best thoughts of trained and able minds on the subject of the day in the daily papers. It is all that one able-bodied man can do to get through these able-bodied papers in the course of a day. . . . Not merely have we that, but if the appetite is sufficiently omnivorous, he has the weekly Press in profusion, with the more leisurely thoughts of distinguished minds; and if he has a minute or two left, he can read all the monthly magazines and complete the cycle of his intellectual system."

The danger which exists for the mere reader of the paper is, of course, greater for the servant of the paper, and it certainly is probable that the average man loses more individuality in the service of a daily journal than he would in a law office or a business house. His work absorbs his energies more, touches his private life more closely, and has less continuity, less development. He comes to the office at eleven in the morning, perhaps with a vacant mind, ready for anything; is assigned to a murder, a political story, an interview with a minister, an accident; he finishes it, dismisses it from his mind, and goes away, to return the next day equally ready for anything and equally detached from any single subject. But although the dark side is easiest to see and easiest to state, the hopeful side exists for the man who is strong enough to take the opportunities and reject the temptations. Even on our worst papers are a few men who use intelligently not only their opportunities for observation, but their opportunities for good action. The reporter sees men daily in critical situations, in the first despair of business disgrace or of personal bereavement, in the flush of sudden success and in accident, and if his interest in human nature be deep enough and clear enough, each interview may inform and strengthen him fundamentally. He sees also where the

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needs of the city are; he has more facts, if he wishes them, than most men; and if he have public sympathy, a large view of life, and personal power he could hardly have a more favourable aid to effective work. At least one reporter in this town has done an enormous amount for political and social improvement, and equal opportunities lie before all. He is one of the few men who are proud of the name of reporter, who are impressed by their duties to the public and the possibilities of their own lives, and who influence their papers more than they are influenced by them.

Norman Hapgood.

BARON TAUCHNITZ*

LTHOUGH the name of the German publisher who died on August 13th was familiar to the English-speaking public, the precise nature of his connection with our literature was not equally understood by them. To most, the well-known Tauchnitz edition suggested handy pocket volumes of their most popular authors, which they could read with the added sweetness which is given to forbidden fruit.

Baron Tauchnitz came of a family of publishers who did much to spread a knowledge of the classics and of their own literature, and he carried on their work. Toward the end of the last century his uncle set up in Leipzig a press noted for the cheapness and elegance of the works which issued from it, and the business was continued by a son who died only some ten years ago. It was in 1837 that the nephew, the late Baron, established his publishing business, also in Leipzig, and in 1841 that he began printing the works of English authors, and so did an immense service to English literature by widening the range of appreciation of it. It is natural that at the moment of his death the generosity toward English and American writers with which he carried out this undertaking should be most commented upon. When the Tauchnitz edition of British authors was begun there was no international copyright, and there was none for several years later; but all along, the German publisher obtained the authors' consent, and paid them for it. That this consideration on his part rewarded him amply when international copyright came to be established there is no doubt; but, from the first, Baron Tauchnitz had an ambition beyond the filling of his own pocket. We believe that in his original prospectus he proclaimed an intention of making the first step toward an extension of the rights of copyright, and of publishing his edition in accordance with these rights. With the literary relationship between England and Germany which he established thus, there arose a relationship still more delightful between the English author and the German publisher. This was shown by his dedication of his thousandth volume, in 1869, "To my English and American authors, as a token of esteem for the living and a tribute to the remembrance of the dead," and by his celebration of the publication of two thousand volumes, twelve years later, with Professor Morley's well-known *History of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria.* The good feeling on the other side is amply discovered in the letters from English authors contained in the *Fünfzig Jahre der Verlagshandlung Bernhard Tauchnitz,* which appeared as a jubilee volume in 1887.

These letters, which are signed by the most eminent names in Victorian literature, are interesting and pleasant reading: pleasant because of the exhibition they give of friendship and trust on both sides, and interesting because in many cases the correspondents spoke out more freely than they might have been inclined to do in addressing an English publisher.

*From the BOOKMAN for October, 1895.

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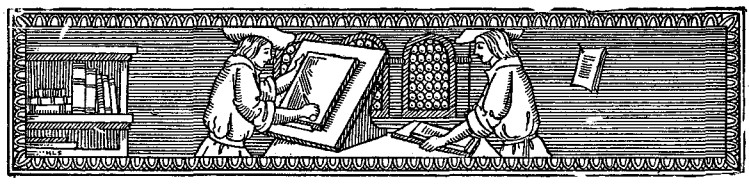
Charles Reade, for example, who was introduced to Baron Tauchnitz by Thackeray, wrote expressing his reliance in the good faith of the publisher, and added: "Only this I beg: let me be paid according to my sale; for instance, if you sell fewer copies of me than of Mr. Thackeray, pay me less; if you sell more, pay me more. Your collection is a notable one. It contains many authors who are superior to me in merit and reputation, but it also contains the entire works of many writers who do not come up to my knee." Dickens, too, was warm-hearted, as this note shows. "I have too great a regard for you and too high a sense of your honourable dealings to wish to depart from the custom we have already observed. Whatever price you put upon the book will satisfy me." The author of Lothair wrote with equal cordiality, but in a wholly different style: "The sympathy of a great nation is the most precious reward of authors, and an appreciation that is offered us by a foreign people has something of the character and value which we attribute to the fiat of posterity. I accept your liberal enclosure in the spirit in which it is offered, for it comes from a gentleman whose prosperity always pleases me, and whom I respect and regard." The whole of the correspondence is a standing testimony to the frankness and delicacy with which, for all that some may say, the transactions of author and publisher may be conducted.

Christian Bernhard Tauchnitz was born on August 25, 1816. In 1837 he entered business for himself, and in 1843, having turned his mind to the great undertaking of his life, he visited London and laid his project before the English authors whose works he proposed to publish. The broad lines on which an agreement was arrived at were: (1) Payment to English authors; (2) exclusive authorisation of the Tauchnitz edition for the Continent; (3) no importation of the Tauchnitz edition into England or her colonies. Over three thousand volumes of the "Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition," have been issued since its inauguration. He was created a Baron in 1877 by the late Duke of Coburg, and he was a member of the Upper Chamber of the Saxon Diet; he was also British Consul-General for the kingdom of Saxony.



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A BALLADE OF PETITION*

The Blue Skallalatoot stories are all morning stories.—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Prince of the Pen, your work comprises
  Love and Sorrow and Peace and War;
Your versatile genius authorises
  The babble of babes and the jungle roar.
  Tales you tell of the crew and corps,
The old official, and young recruit;
  We've read all these, and we beg for more—
We want the Blue Skallalatoot.

The weird name baffles all surmises,
  Its strange uncertainty we'd explore;
For ever the heart of man despises
  The mysteries he has solved before;
  We only delve for the hidden ore,
We crave unknown, not forbidden fruit;
  Give us the treasure you have in store,
We want the Blue Skallalatoot.

Tell us, we pray, what his shape and size is,
  Why is he blue? and what is he for?
Recount his exciting enterprises,
  Where he resided and what he wore;
  Tell us his history, we implore,
Sharpen your quill or tune your lute;
  In verse or story or Indian lore,
We want the Blue Skallalatoot.

Envoy:

Kipling, we've read your yarns of yore,
How Bagheera growled and Mulvaney swore.
Now whether he's Man, or Thing, or Brute,
We want the Blue Skallalatoot.

Carolyn Wells.

*From the BOOKMAN for January, 1899.

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THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of July and 1st of August:

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The History of Mr. Polly. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. The House of Mystery. Irwin. (Century Co.) $1.15.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Book of Daniel Drew. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Astir. Thayer. (Small, Maynard). $1.20.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) $1.50.
4. The Silent Call. Royle. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
6. Miss Minerva and William Green. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Laws of Heredity. Reid. (Macmillan.) $5.50.
2. Kingship of Self-Control. Jordan. (Revell.) 35 cents.
3. Familiar Quotations. Bartlett. (Little, Brown.) $3.00.
4. Wild Birds and Their Music. Matthews. (Putnam.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. My Very First Series. (Doran.) 25 cents.
2. Rover Boys at College. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Jungle Books. Kipling. (Century Co.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Old Wives' Tales. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.50.
6. Village of Vagabonds. Smith. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Beast. Lindsay. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
3. An American Citizen. Brooks. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. The Island of Regeneration. Brady. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Astir. Thayer. (Small, Maynard.) $1.20.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. Book of Daniel Drew. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Old Order Changeth. White. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Head Coach. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Owls of St. Ursula. Reid. (Baker & Taylor.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Fenner. (Clarke.) $1.00.
2. Yellowstone National Park. Chittenden. (Clarke.) $1.50.
3. Black Bass. Henshell. (Clarke.) $3.00.
4. Poets of Ohio. Venerable. (Clarke.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boy Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. West Point Series. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Betty Wales & Co. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) $1.50.

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3. The Beast. Lindsay. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Airship Books. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Child's Guide Series. Clarke. (Baker & Taylor.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Taming of Red Butte Western. Lynde. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Trimmed Lamp. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Old Order Changeth. White. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. Sister Beatrice. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Oberammergau. Moses. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. The Education of the Child. Key. (Putnam.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Philippa at Halcyon. Brown. (Scribner.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Silent Call. Royle. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Channel Islands. Holder. (McClurg.) $2.00.
2. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
3. The Beast. Lindsay. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Vehicles of the Air. Lougheed. (Reilly & Britton.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Girl Who Won. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Taming of Red Butte Western. Lynde. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
2. The Chinese. Thomson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.50.
3. My Friend the Indian. McLaughlin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.
4. The New Baedeker. Peck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Wonderful Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Right Stuff. Hay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.

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2. Addresses. Northrup. (Watson.) $1.80.
3. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Garibaldi and His Thousand. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) $2.25.

JUVENILES

1. Captain Chubb. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Pinocchio. Collodi. (Ginn & Co.) $1.00.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. Rust of Rome. Deeping. (Cassell.) $1.20.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. A Modern Chronicle. (Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Every Day Business for Women. Wilbur. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Marriage as a Trade. Hamilton. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.25.
4. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Grandpa's Little Girl. Curtis. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Rubaiyat. Fitzgerald. (Dodge.) 35 cents.
2. Chesterfield Letters. (Chesterfield Soc.) Ed. de Luxe. Sub. price $6.00.
3. Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. (Chesterfield Soc.) Ed. de Luxe. Sub. price $6.00.
4. Cooked-up Peary Dictionary. 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Lieutenant Commander Beach. Naval Stories. $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Silent Call. Royle. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50 cents.
2. The Education of the Child. Key. (Putnam.) 75 cents.
3. Mary Lyon. Gilchrist. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Quaker in the Forum. Gummere. (Winston.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The High School Freshman. Hancock. (Altemus.) $1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Fascinating Duc de Richelieu. Williams. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. Our Garden Flowers. Keeler. (Scribner.) $2.00.
4. Daniel Boone and Wilderness Road. Bruce. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Arabian Nights. Illus. by Parrish. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Child's Garden of Verses. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. College Year. Payne. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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PITTSBURG, PA.

Fiction

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Golf. Whitlach. (Outing Co.) $2.00.
2. Scientific American Handbook of Travel. Hopkins. (Munn.) $2.00.
3. Dogs. Leighton. (Cassell.) $1.50.
4. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50 cents.

Juveniles

1. Winning His Shoulder Straps. Brainerd. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Fiction

1. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
2. The American People. Low. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.25.
3. The Ship Dwellers. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Old Order Changeth. White. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Little Knight of X Bar B. Maule. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Four Boys and a Fortune. Tomlinson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Fiction

1. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Depot Master. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. How to Know Wild Flowers. Dana. (Scribner.) $2.00.
2. Auction Bridge. Bodsworth. (Putnam.) $1.25.
3. Nerves and Common Sense. Call. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. Education of the Child. Key. (Putnam.) 75 cents.

Juveniles

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Fiction

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Village of Vagabonds. Smith. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
2. Lake Champlain. Reid. (Putnam.) $3.50.
3. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Dethronement of the City Boss. Hamilton. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.20.

Juveniles

1. Eyes and No Eyes. Buckley. (Cassell.) $1.25.
2. Boys of Brookfield Academy. Eldred. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
3. Prince and His Ants. Vamba. (Holt.) $1.35.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Strictly Business. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. Potash and Perlmutter. Glass. (Altemus.) $1.50.
6. Emigrant Trail. Bonner. (Duffield.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Woman's Eyes. Ryder. (Robertson.) $1.00.
2. Write It Right. Bierce. (Neale.) 50 cents.
3. Trees of California. Jepson. (Cunningham.) $2.50.
4. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.

Juveniles

1. Patty's Pleasure Trip. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Little Colonel Stories. Johnson. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Peeps at Many Lands. (Macmillan.) 75c.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Silent Call. Royle. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. American Problems. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.60.
2. Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
4. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) $2.25.

Juveniles

1. The Lookout Island Campers. Eldred. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. The Black-Poppy Book. Aldin. (Hodder & Stoughton.) 75 cents.
3. The Lass of the Silver Sword. Du Bois. (Century Co.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. The Running Fight. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Musson.) $1.25.
2. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Frowde.) $1.25.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Girl Who Won. Ellis. (Briggs.) $1.25.
6. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Briggs.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Songs of a Sourdough. Service. (Briggs.) $1.00.

Juveniles

No report.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. The Depot Master. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Old Order Changeth. White. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. Letters to My Son. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Pie and the Patty Pan. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing		1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50	240
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35	212
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50	186
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	139
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	117
6. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50	71

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